Class PS3525
Book .I515C5
Copyright No. 1922

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

ALICE DUER MILLER AND ROBERT MILTON

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

724
1636

The Charm School

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

ALICE DUER MILLER
AND
ROBERT MILTON

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY ALICE DUER MILLER AND ROBERT MILTON

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "THE CHARM SCHOOL," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, Great Britain and Canada, is subject to a royalty, and any one presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Applications for the amateur acting rights must be made to Samuel French, 28-30 West 38th St., New York. Applications for the professional acting rights must be made to Julia R. Tutwiler, 471 Park Avenue, New York.

New York
SAMUEL FRENCH
(Incorporated 1898)
Publisher
28-30 West 38th Street

London
SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street
STRAND

PS3525
.I515C5
1922

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the publisher confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, or public reading may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York. Attention is called to the penalty provided by law for any infringement of the author's rights, as follows:

"Section 4966:—Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs and assigns, shall be liable for damages thereof, such damages, in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profi, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year."—U. S. Revised Statutes: Title 60, Chap. 3.

©CLD 60590

APR 21 1922

The following is a copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "THE CHARM SCHOOL" at the New Bijou Theatre, New York City, beginning Monday evening, August 2, 1920.

MR. ROBERT MILTON
PRESENTS
"THE CHARM SCHOOL"
A COMEDY
BY
ALICE DUER MILLER and ROBERT MILTON
With a Wee Bit of Music by Jerome Kern
To Begin With

AUSTIN BEVANS.....*Mr. Sam Hardy*
An automobile salesman with IDEAS, which
DAVID MACKENZIE.....*Mr. Ivan Simpson*
A law student, considers unpractical, though
GEORGE BOYD.....*Mr. James Gleason*
An expert accountant, is willing to co-operate
and so are
JIM SIMPKINS.....*Mr. Neil Martin*
and
TIM SIMPKINS.....*Mr. Morgan Farley*
Who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.
HOMER JOHNS.....*Mr. Rapley Holmes*
is the guardian of
ELISE BENEDOTTI.....*Miss Marie Carrill*
the president of the senior class at a school
presided over by
MISS HAYS.....*Miss Margaret Dale*
who is loved and feared by all who know her,
including the secretary,

MISS CURTIS.....*Miss Minnie Dupree*
who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of
SALLY BOYD.....*Miss Blyth Daly*
who is GEORGE'S sister, and
MURIEL DOUGHTY.....*Miss Florence McGuire*
ETHEL SPELVIN.....*Miss Carolyn Arnold*
ALIX MERCIER.....*Miss Theodora Larocque*
LILLIAN STAFFORD.....*Miss Frances McLaughlin*
MADGE KENT.....*Miss Mary Mead*
CHARLOTTE GRAY.....*Miss Camilla Lyon*
and it is hardly worth while to mention a junior
DOTSIE.....*Miss Constance McLaughlin*
who is always in the way.

ACT I.—Evening. The boys' room on the top floor of an old-fashioned New York house.

ACT II.—The Main Hall of the School.

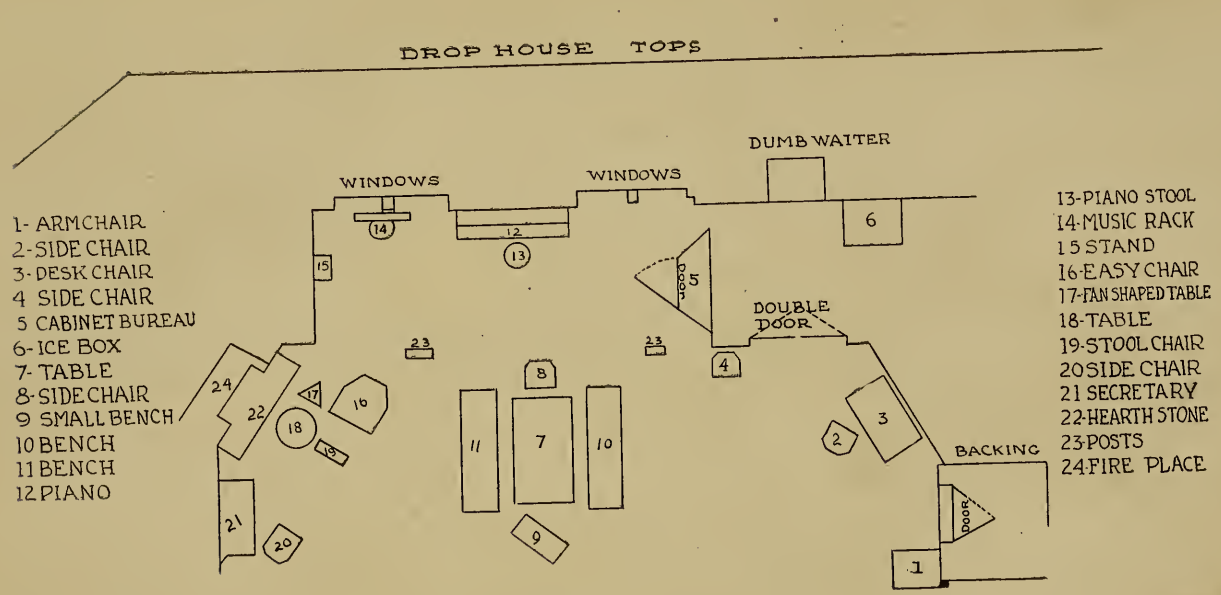
Scene 1—Noon.

Scene 2—About two weeks later.

Between Scenes 1 and 2 the curtain will be lowered about two minutes to indicate passing time.

ACT III.—Scene 1—Midnight on the Road.

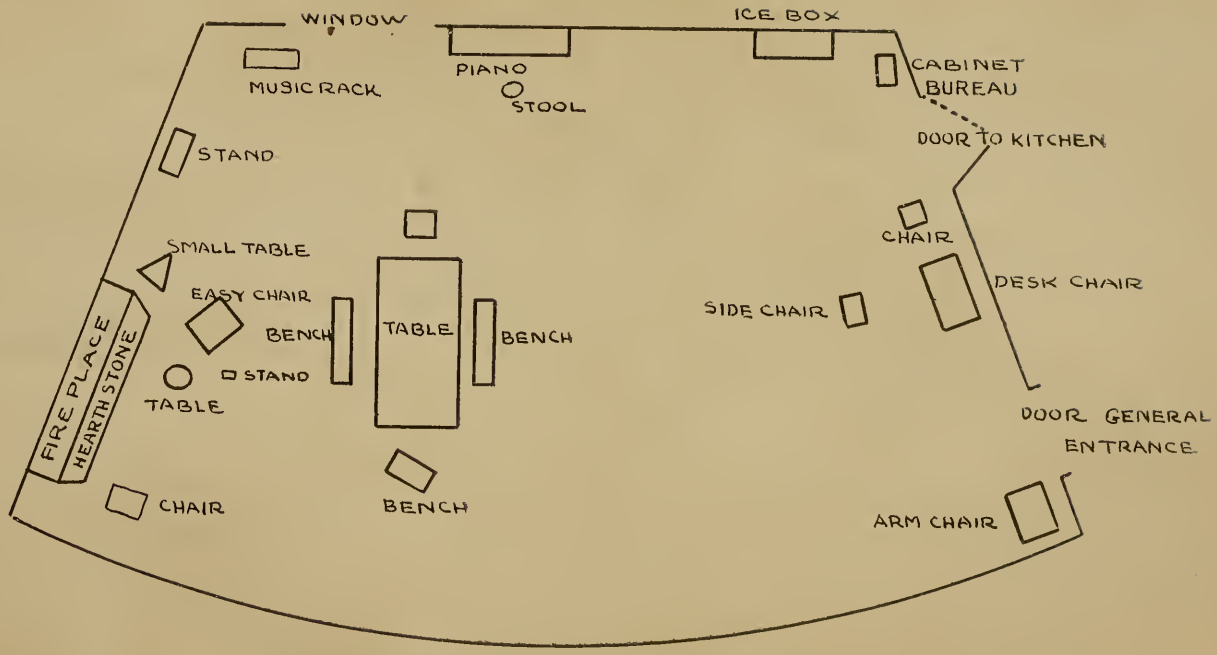
Scene 2—The next morning.



ACT I

THE CHARM SCHOOL

SCENE DESIGN



THE CHARM SCHOOL ACT I (SIMPLIFIED SETTING)

LONDON PRODUCTION

THE COMEDY THEATRE

(Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain)

PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET (Nearest Station, Piccadilly Tube)

Lessee - - - - - ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH

PAUL MURRAY and T. F. DAWE, by arrangement with WILLIAM EDELSTEN

present

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A Comedy by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton
Based on the Story by Alice Duer Miller

CAST

Peter Bevans	*a Motor Dealer with ideas, which*	MR. OWEN NARES
David Mackenzie	*a Law Student considers unpractical, though*	MR. DAVID MILLER
George Boyd	*an Expert Accountant, is willing to co-operate and so are*	MR. KENNETH KENT
Jim Bradbury	*who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.*	MR. HUGH DEMPSTER
and Tim Bradbury		MR. RONALD HAMMOND
Homer Johns	*is the guardian of*	MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN
Elise Challoner	*the head of the senior class at a school presided over by*	MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI
		By permission of Reandean
Miss Hayes	*who is loved and feared by all who know her— including the Secretary—*	MISS LENA HALLIDAY
Miss Curtis	*who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of*	MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER
Sally Boyd	*who is George's sister*	MISS MARGERY MEADOWS
Ethel	*The Young Ladies of the School*	MISS MAUREEN DILLON
Alix		MISS ETHEL FISHER
Donnett		MISS DONNETT PAYNTER
Mary		MISS MARY EWIN
Muriel		MISS KATHLEEN COPE
Margaret		MISS MARGARET ELSTON
Dorothy		MISS DOROTHY ELSTON
Lilian		MISS LALLA CRAGG
Celia		MISS CELIA ELSON
Edna		MISS EDNA GORDON

CHARACTERS

To Begin With

AUSTIN BEVANS,
An automobile salesman with IDEAS, which
DAVID MACKENZIE,
A law student, considers unpractical, though
GEORGE BOYD,
An expert accountant, is willing to co-operate, and also
JIM SIMPKINS
and
TIM SIMPKINS,
Who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.
HOMER JOHNS *is the guardian of*
ELISE BENEDOTTI,
The President of the senior class at a school presided over by
MISS HAYS,
Who is loved and feared by all who know her, including her secretary,
MISS CURTIS,
Who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of
SALLY BOYD, *who is* GEORGE'S *sister, and*
MURIEL DOUGHTY,
ETHEL SPELVIN,
ALIX MERCIER,
LILLIAN STAFFORD,
MADGE KENT.
It is hardly worth while to mention a junior,
DOTSIE, *who is always in the way.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: Evening. The boy's room on the top floor of an old-fashioned New York house.

ACT II: The Main Hall of the School.

SCENE I: Noon. Scene II: About two weeks later.
Between scenes one and two the curtain will be lowered two minutes to indicate passing time.

*ACT III, SCENE I: Midnight, on the road.

SCENE II: The next morning at the school.

* NOTE.—Scene I of Act III may be omitted, as the play is complete without it.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

ACT I

SCENE: *Shabby sitting room on top floor of an old-fashioned New York house, turned into flats. The doors and windows are high and the tops rounded. The walls are painted a light tan color. On* L., *about two feet above the return, is the door—swings outward. General entrance from outside. An oblique piece joins the door piece to a flat running on stage, and contains large double doors that swing up stage into the kitchen.*

A blank piece joins the on-stage edge of the above flat, runs up stage. The back flat proper joins the up stage edge of this piece and runs across to R. *side. There are two double windows in the back flat. On* R. *joining the return a blank piece runs upstage straight, joins a fireplace piece, set obliquely, and a blank piece joins this to the back flat.*

A narrow piece about thirty inches deep runs from up-stage edge of fireplace straight across to the small flat piece at L.C. *containing the double doors to the kitchen, giving an effect of an altered room or alcove. Two posts support them, having the effect of supporting the partition of narrow piece.*

Back of the double doors is the kitchen, with the dumb-waiter, in the backing, which swings down stage and on. The practical dumb-waiter is directly back of the double door.

A drop representing house-tops backs the windows. Interior backing for door L. *General entrance. Fireplace backing. Ceilings.*

(NOTE.—*A simplified stage setting for this act will be found at the back of the play.*)

TIME: *Late afternoon of a day in Spring.*

DISCOVERED: DAVID *is sitting on the big easy chair, smoking his pipe and reading law. As he reads clouds of smoke rise and he gets hotter and hotter. finally he lays the book on the table, takes off a green eye-shade he has been wearing, rubs his hands across his forehead and starts to take off his coat. A buzzer sounds. He goes to kitchen door and opening it, reveals dumb-waiter.*

DAVID. *(Down waiter)* Aye——

VOICE *(Washerwoman's voice)* Wash coming up.

DAVID. Let her come. *(The squeaking of the waiter is heard.)* That's good! *(He lifts a clothes-basket with a check cover from the dumb-waiter.)* Take her away.

(Deposits it L. *of chair* C. *He starts back toward his easy chair, thinks of the ice in the refrigerator, goes into kitchen and takes out a couple of small pieces—smaller than his fist—puts them in a brown bowl and starts back toward his chair. When* C., *takes a piece out of the bowl and rubs it across his forehead, goes to easy chair, puts bowl and ice in front of a small electric fan there. Picks up a piece of newspaper on the floor, wipes his hands on it, drops it, sees the ice is too low in the bowl for the fan to do any good, puts bowl on floor, picks up the paper*

again, makes a ball of it and puts it under the ice so as to raise it above the edge of the bowl. Sits down, turns on switch of fan, picks up book and starts to read again. Fidgets with the fan to get the most breeze, finally settles back and commences to read. JIM *is heard outside whistling one of the latest dancing tunes. He enters* L.—*"General Entrance."—Slams door.* DAVID *looks up.* JIM *whistles louder, goes to bureau, leaves his hat on upper end, turns with a dancing step to the bench* L. *of table* C., *straddles it, slides along, flops down, stretches out hands under his head—feet on lower end of table.)*

JIM. Gee, it's great to get home, when the day's work is over.

DAVID. Work!

JIM. David, you lazy creature. I believe you haven't done a thing but sit there all day feeding that great, greedy mind of yours. You ought to be ashamed.

DAVID. *(A little startled by this attack)* And what have you been doing?

JIM. We've been keeping up our physical morale, David; we've been dancing for four solid hours.

(The 'phone on bureau rings. DAVID *turns off his fan, rises and goes to it.* JIM *commences to whistle again, keeping time with his foot, which is on the table.)*

DAVID. *(To* JIM *to stop his whistling)* Shss-s! *(*JIM *stops. In 'phone)* Yep? I said hullo—No, Mr. Bevans has not come in yet. . . Oh, any time now.—Very well, hold the wire—I said hold the wire. *(To* JIM*)* Have you got a pencil? *(Takes it from* JIM, *finds a piece of paper on bureau)*

Forge ahead—what's your message? Call Home? Homer? Oh! Aye, Homer, like the poet—the poet, the poet, the poet—Homer Johns, at Plaza 2097. Aye, I will. *(Angrily)* I can't tell him before he comes in, can I? *(Hangs up the receiver.)*

JIM. Who was it, David?

DAVID. A Mr. Johns, who wants Austin to call him up. *(He lays the paper on* U.L. *of* T.C.*)* A very impatient man. (JIM *picks up the paper to read it.* DAVID *grabs it away from him, and puts it under a law book on lower* R. *of the table.)* He should not shout so through the telephone. *(He turns to easy chair, putting the pencil in his pocket.* JIM *whistles for it.* DAVID *gives it to him.* DAVID *sits in easy chair.)* I suppose you haven't found a job?

JIM. No, but maybe it's because we haven't looked for one.

DAVID. Aye, man, why don't you look for one?

JIM. Because, Dave, if we looked for it we might find it——

DAVID. Aye, you might——

JIM. And if we found it we might have to take it. *(Rises, goes to piano, takes cushion from stool, comes down* C.*)* And if we took it we might have to do a little work. *(Sees wash basket on floor.)* And speaking of work, there's your wash not put away yet. Oh, David, David,—how do you ever expect to succeed in the world if you shirk your duties like that?

DAVID. *(Earnestly)* It isn't my week on the wash, James—I'm on the door and the telephone. (TIM *enters* D.L. *whistling same tune.)* George is on the wash, aye, and you and Tim—*(*TIM, *closing door, stops whistling, looks at* DAVID.*)*—ought to be getting dinner.

TIM. What's that!

JIM. *(Throws cushion on bench* L.*)* Oh, gee! it's our night to get dinner.

TIM. Is it?

JIM. Look in the ice-box, and see what there is, will you?

(TIM *exits to kitchen, whistling.)*

DAVID. Shsss——

(JIM *goes to kitchen door, looks in, then turns to* DAVID, *drawing the door to after him.)*

JIM. Oh, Dave! What do you say to dining out to-night?

DAVID. That's what you always say the night it's your turn to work.

JIM. *(Crossing* F. *to* R. *of* C.*)* Got any money, Dave?

DAVID. Any what?

JIM. Any money.

DAVID. Don't be absurd.

(JIM *goes up* R. C. B.)

TIM. *(Heard in the ice-box—sing-song)* There's nothing but five loin chops and half a lemon pie.

JIM. Got any money, Tim?

TIM. *(Enters, goes to* L. *of* T. C.*)* Any what?

JIM. (A. T. C.) Any money.

TIM. You will have your little joke, won't you? *(Exits to kitchen.)*

JIM. Couldn't we borrow something from someone? Our allowance is due the day after to-morrow.

DAVID. *(Is sitting in easy chair)* There's a letter there from your father.

JIM. *(Rushing to letter box)* A letter from Father! Good!

TIM. *(Enters to* L. *of* JIM*)* A letter from Father! Good old Pop!

JIM. Maybe he sent it a day or two ahead!

DAVID. Maybe!

JIM. *(Opens letter. Looks for check, and his face changes)* Gee! It looks as if we'd have to go back to Poughkeepsie.

TIM. *(Picks up envelope on floor to make sure nothing is in it)* To Poughkeepsie. . . . That's pretty rough.

DAVID. What's the matter?

JIM. Our dear, dear parent has stopped our allowance. . . .

DAVID. What!

JIM. *(Xing* A. *to* R. *of* T. C., *reads)* "Until you obtain a position, or until I see some evidence that you are seriously looking for one." Well, hasn't he a suspicious nature. . . . *(Sits* B. R. *of* T. C.*)*

TIM. *(Foot on chair at door. Sits chair.)* After all the trouble I've taken with that man's education. *(Bell rings off* L. I. E.*)*

DAVID. Answer that door, Tim.

TIM. *(Rising)* It's your day on the door, Dave. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

(DAVID *swell of fan—Shsss—*JIM *rises, goes to window* L., *whistling.)*

DAVID. Well!

POSTMAN. *(Outside)* Special for Austin Bevans.

DAVID. Not in yet.

POSTMAN. All right. Sign here.

JIM. *(*A. T. C.*)* Where is Austin, Dave?

DAVID. He said he wasn't coming home for dinner. *(Looking at letter.)* He's gone to see his girl, and he's going to stay there to dine.

JIM. If he's invited. . . .

DAVID. He's engaged to her, isn't he?

JIM. That's what he says, but what does she say? Absolutely nothing. Do you know, Dave. . . . *(Takes up* SUSIE'S *photo from bureau)* I'm not for that pale pearl of refinement. I think she'd drop—(DAVID *crosses to* R. *of chair* C.)—him in an instant if her mother said so.

DAVID. Nonsense——

JIM. And her mother will say so the first time a man with a little money comes along.

DAVID. Susie's in love with Austin—any girl would be.

JIM. Well, Susie's in love with Susie. *(Replaces the photo on bureau, goes toward window* R.*)*

(TIM *enters.)*

DAVID. *(Sits chair* C.*)* I'm afraid there's something wrong with Austin. Here's a special delivery letter for him from a firm of attorneys.

TIM. *(To* L. *of* DAVID*)* From a firm of attorneys?

JIM. *(To* R. *of* DAVID*)* From a firm of attorneys?

DAVID. *(*R. *of chair* C.*)* Aye, and a deep bass voice has been calling him up every fifteen minutes all afternoon.

TIM. *(In a deep bass voice)* A deep bass voice?

JIM. *(In a deeper bass voice)* A deep bass voice.

(DAVID *rises and crosses to* R. *of* JIM.*)*

TIM. Now, I wonder what Austin has been doing that he oughtn't to do.

JIM. *(Holding out his hand)* Let me see the letter, Dave?

DAVID. *(To easy chair. Putting letter in his*

pocket.) You attend to your own business, and I'll—— *(Sits easy chair. Switches on fan.)*

(TIM *goes up* L. C., *replaces cushion on piano stool, goes to* R. *of chair* U. C.)

JIM. And you'll attend everybody else's.

(Enter GEORGE *door* L. *Crossing to* GEORGE.)

JIM. George, got any money?

GEORGE. *(L. C.)* Any *what?*

JIM. Any money.

GEORGE. What?

JIM. Money. You know. Those long green ones?

GEORGE. I should say not. *(Crossing to* B. L.*)* I've just lost my job.

JIM *and* TIM. You've lost your job?

DAVID. You've lost your job! Why?

GEORGE. *(Sits* B. L. *of* T. C.*)* Because I'm always late. *(To* TIM*)* That's your fault, you always wake me in such a tactless sort of way. *(Throws cap in* U. R. *corner.)* I never want to get up. (JIM *sits chair* L.*)*

DAVID. I'm sorry you've lost your job, George. And the twins—they've had their allowance stopped.

JIM. Our future home—Poughkeepsie.

DAVID. *(Is sitting easy chair.)* I don't know how we're going to get along—Twins with no allowance, George without a job.

TIM. *(Has put his foot on chair above* T. *and is unlacing his boots.)* Well, the rent's paid till Autumn—that's some comfort.

JIM. Yes, and I suppose we can starve like "little gentlemen" in our own home.

GEORGE. For the love of Mike, Tim, don't take

your shoes off in the parlor. I never saw anything like you fellows, you keep this room looking like a pig-pen, law books all over the table—(DAVID *rises and takes his books, all but one over message, off the* C. *table, puts them on stand* U. R.)—and look at the wash—right in the middle of the floor. *(Rises,* L. C., *very angry, to* JIM.) Whose week is it to put away the wash?

JIM. Yours, my bright-eyed buckoo.

GEORGE. *(Sits* B. L. *of* T. C., *starts looking through the wash.)* All right. Where's the list? (TIM *gets the list which is pinned on wall below bureau.)* Hullo, Dave, you've been getting a new undershirt.

DAVID. *(Proudly)* Two. *(Puts papers on floor, back of easy chair.)*

JIM. Spendthrift. (TIM *goes to* GEORGE—*pins the list on his coat.* TIM *exits to kitchen.)*

GEORGE. *(Snatches the list off his coat. Holding up ragged socks.)* For heaven's sake, Jim, do you waste our money having socks like that washed? *(He throws them on floor* L. C.)

JIM. *(Rises—snatching them up)* No, you don't. What's the matter with those socks? The holes are all below shoe-level—except one, and I paint my heel under that. *(Going up to bureau, puts them in drawer.)* My best dancing socks.

DAVID. *(Sits—easy chair.)* I suppose you can get another job, George.

GEORGE. *(Looking through the wash)* Oh, I guess so—I never wanted to be an accountant, anyhow. That was all my family's bright idea.

JIM. *(Leaning against front of bureau)* Oh, your family. Where did the idea ever creep in that a family is a blessing?

GEORGE. What's the matter with all of us, anyhow? Why can't any of us get along? *(Rises, picks up the basket, goes up to bureau.)* I'm going

to ask Austin. (JIM *is in his way, leaning against the front of the bureau.* GEORGE *grabs him by the scruff of the neck and pushes him aside.)* He'll know.

JIM. Yes, and he'll certainly tell us. *(Enter* AUSTIN *door* L., *carrying overcoat and wearing a cap. The custom of the house is not to exchange greetings. Almost seated in chair* U. L. C.*)* Oh, Austin, got any money?

AUSTIN. Any what?

JIM. *(Goes to him)* Any money, you know; you must have seen it.

AUSTIN. Not that I can remember. *(Lays coat on chair* L., *crosses to chair* C. DAVID *rises.)*

JIM. *(*L. C.*)* Gee, that's tough! There's not much to eat in the house. Thought you were going to dine out to-night with the Rolles.

AUSTIN. So did I, but Mrs. Rolles thought differently. *(Looks at* DAVID, *who comes to* R. *of chair* C. AUSTIN *sits chair* C.*)*

DAVID. *(*R. *of chair* C.*)* Is there anything wrong, Austin?

AUSTIN. You bet there is. She came out into the open to-day. She's forbidden me the house.

JIM. *(*L. C., *goes to chair up* L. C.*)* The motherly old dear!

*(*GEORGE *is below bureau, folding an undershirt, which he holds in front of him, the last piece—he has put the rest into the drawers.)*

DAVID. What did Susie say?

AUSTIN. Absolutely nothing.

JIM. *(About to sit chair* U. L. C.*)* Ha——

*(*GEORGE *hits him on the head with the undershirt, then puts it in drawer.* JIM *sits.)*

DAVID. Austin, what happened?

AUSTIN. I suppose I wasn't very tactful. (GEORGE *sits on bench* L. *of* T.C.) It began by Mrs. Rolles saying to me—as if she were saying "What fine weather we are having"—"The trouble with you, Mr. Bevans, is that you're the least little bit vulgar." Good—said I, "I knew there was something nice about me. And anyhow," said I, "I should think Susie could forgive my being a little vulgar, if I could forgive her being so darned refined." That made the old lady angry, and she explained how I wasn't a suitable match for her daughter from any point of view. "What are you?" said she. "An automobile salesman!"—and if she had said I was a crawling worm she couldn't have felt worse about it. I told her I had a feeling I was going to make a lot of money some day. "Oh, indeed," said she. "Well, you can't support a wife on that feeling, can you?" Well, I let that pass, and told her how awfully in love I am with Susie. "Yes," said she, "and in six months from now you will be awfully in love with some one else. Men"—and this was a nasty one—*(The boys all lean forward expectantly)*—"Men are never constant to the unattainable." I told her I wouldn't agree that Susie was unattainable until Susie had told me so herself. "Well, that was too bad, because Susie was out." I knew that was a lie, so I just stepped into the hall and yelled "Susie!" at the top of my lungs. She came down, all right.

DAVID. *(*R. *of chair* C. *)* What did she say?

AUSTIN. Oh, she said a lot of things, of nice things, but the truth is, she sticks by her mother.

DAVID. I'm afraid—*(Hand on his shoulder)*—it's just a question of money with Mrs. Rolles. (GEORGE *pats* AUSTIN *on back, absent-mindedly.)*

AUSTIN. *(Rising, crosses toward chair* L. GEORGE *takes* AUSTIN'S *cap off as he passes and throws it*

to JIM, *who is sitting on chair* U. L. C.*)* I'd go a good way on the downward path to have some at this—moment. (AUSTIN *sits chair* L.*)* Gee, isn't the world rottenly arranged!

GEORGE. I should say it is. *(Sits chair* C.*)*

DAVID. Aye, aye! *(Sits chair* C.*)*

AUSTIN. By the time I'm an old man I shall probably have all the money I want, and I'd gladly sell the last twenty years of my life for a good income at this very moment.

DAVID. *(Sitting easy chair)* Austin, George has lost his job.

(GEORGE *glares at him, throws leg over arm of chair.)*

AUSTIN. Ha!

GEORGE. *(Pointing at* JIM*)* And the Twins' allowance is stopped.

AUSTIN. Trying to cheer me up? *(Looks at* JIM, *who is sitting on chair* U. L. C., *absent-mindedly fumbling with* AUSTIN'S *cap.* AUSTIN *rises, takes cap from* JIM. *Peevishly)* Must you do that? (JIM *rises, goes to window* U. L. AUSTIN *puts cap on, goes to chair* L.*)*

GEORGE. *(Rises, goes to him)* Say, Austin, I want to ask you what's the matter with all of us? Now, here we are, young——

JIM. (L. *of piano)* And beautiful. *(*TIM *enters from kitchen, stays at door.)*

GEORGE. Why is it none of us can get along?

AUSTIN. Don't you know, George?

GEORGE. No.

AUSTIN. Because we're young, George, and the world is run by old people. *(With feeling. Going up* L.C. *Xes about to table* U.R., *takes two cans of tobacco there and pipe.)* Dam 'em. I sometimes

wish there wasn't anyone alive over sixty. *(*GEORGE *moves to commode* L.*)*

TIM. *(Dodging* AUSTIN*)* Sixty! Ha! You're liberal. *(Xes, takes the ukulele from mantel—sits chair* R.*—fingering the strings softly.* GEORGE *puts* AUSTIN'S *coat on chair above door* L.*—then sits, chair* L.*)*

JIM. *(Goes to chair* U.L.C.*)* I offer one perfectly good father to the general massacre. *(Sits.)*

AUSTIN. *(Coming to* U.L. *of* T.*—fills pipe.)* It's a conspiracy of old age to keep us down. In the first place, we're educated all wrong——

GEORGE. Eh!

AUSTIN. That's part of the game—they keep us from starting to earn our living as late as they possibly can. Then they advise us all wrong. As soon as we show any particular ability along any line, they rush in and make us do something entirely different. Just look at me. There's George, he wanted to be a violinist and what is he—an accountant. *(*GEORGE *lighting cigarette, and swings his legs over* U. *arm of chair.)* David wanted to be a farmer and he's studying law. *(*DAVID *kicks book off table.)* I don't know what you want, Twins——

TIM *and* JIM. We want to marry an heiress.

AUSTIN. I guess it would take two of you to do it. Well, see what happens. *(Sits on* L. *of table* C.*)* Your father cuts your allowance, so that you have to wear cheap ties like that one of Jim's,—*(*DAVID *rises* R. *of* B.R.*)* which no heiress would tolerate for an instant.

JIM. *(Rises—shows* AUSTIN *tie)* It's a very smart tie——

AUSTIN. It's a rotten tie, Jim. *(*JIM *sits chair* U.L.C.*)* And here I am, wanting to be a teacher.

GEORGE. A teacher!

AUSTIN. What am I? An automobile salesman. *(Throws cap on* JIM.*)*

DAVID. *(Filling his pipe from one of* AUSTIN'S *cans of tobacco)* Now, do you think you'd have made a good teacher, Austin?

AUSTIN. I know perfectly well I would. Why, David, education is the most interesting subject in the world—and there's more fake about it than about anything else. All you have to do is to think naturally about it. Now, what are the two most important things to us all? I'll tell you—earning a living and falling in love.

GEORGE. Eh!

DAVID. Ba! *(Sits* B.R. *of* T.C.*)*

AUSTIN. Does education teach us either of these? —No.

JIM. Do you think you need to be educated to fall in love?

AUSTIN. You have to be educated to fall in love *right*—to say nothing of needing education to make yourself attractive. Now, I ask you—I took a course in astronomy—a lot of bunk about the motion of stars. Wouldn't it have been more useful if I had taken a course in the psychology of women? *(Puts pipe in his mouth.)* Then I'd have known how to talk to Mrs. Rolles this afternoon.

JIM. *(Sitting—chair up* L.C.*)* I'm taking a practical course in that every day.

AUSTIN. And as for girls—*(*TWINS *attention)*—as for the education of girls, that's the most interesting subject of all. An old aunt of mine had a school for girls.

JIM. Oh, you lucky dog.

AUSTIN. Oh, she wouldn't let me go near the place. I never wanted to. She deliberately set out to educate those girls to be as unattractive as possible.

DAVID. Now, how did she go about it?

AUSTIN. She made them slick their hair down, wear a sort of uniform, and she taught them mathe-

matics and Latin, and all the things they don't need to know. That's the conspiracy—to keep young people learning the wrong things as long as they possibly can—in the meantime the old people run everything to suit themselves.

GEORGE. It's true—too true.

*(*AUSTIN *rises—replaces the two cans of tobacco on* R.U.R.*—takes the pack of cards from the table, comes back to* L. *of* T.C.*)*

JIM. *(Rises, comes down* L.C.*)* Well, what are we going to do about it?

DAVID. *(Rises)* I tell you what you are going to do, Jim, you're going to get dinner.

JIM. Ah, the legal mind. What a help it is. Come on, Tim. *(Exits to kitchen.* TIM *rises,* DAVID *takes the ukulele from him, moves him toward kitchen.* TIM *exits into kitchen.* DAVID *places the ukulele on mantel.)*

GEORGE. *(Sees a book still on the table, starts to throw it to* DAVID, *who quickly takes it, showing the paper under it.* GEORGE *picks up the paper)* Hullo—call Homer Johns! Well, I must say, David, I do think you might give me my messages—here's an important one from Homer Johns——

DAVID. Do you know him?

GEORGE. Of course I know him.

DAVID. Then tell him not to shout so over the telephone.

GEORGE. He's one of the biggest lawyers in New York, besides being a director in the bank where I am—was, and you leave it kicking about.

DAVID. *(Taking paper from* GEORGE*—hands it to* AUSTIN*)* It isn't for you, George. It's for Austin.

GEORGE. For Austin? Do you know Homer Johns?

AUSTIN. Never saw him. I used to hear my aunt talk of him.

GEORGE. Of course it's for me. Dave, got it wrong. He's an old friend of my family's. I don't mind telling you fellows—*(Rises, carefully closes the kitchen door, down* L.C.*)*—though I wouldn't mention it to the Twins, that I hope some day to marry his niece.

AUSTIN. His niece!

GEORGE. Elise Benedotti.

AUSTIN. Does he know that, George?

GEORGE. *(*L. *of* B.L.*)* No, not yet.

DAVID. *(At* E. *chair)* Does she know it? *(Sits on arm of easy chair.)*

GEORGE. Oh, I guess Elise has a pretty good idea about it. Girls are awfully quick, you know. I ask her to marry me every time I see her!

AUSTIN. Does she always refuse you, George?

GEORGE. *(Boastingly)* No—she never refuses. She just says: "George, I can't give you any idea how much you bore me." I don't call that a refusal. *(*DAVID *slides into chair.)*

AUSTIN. Well, I couldn't consider it exactly encouraging, George.

GEORGE. Now, I don't know—I'm not so sure about that. Girls, you know, don't like to show their feelings. *(Sits—bench* L. *of* T.C.*—throws paper on* T.C.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Rises, places cards on bureau, comes down* L.C.*)* Bunk, my dear fellows—all bunk! If girls want you—they grab you. If they don't grab you, they don't want you.

GEORGE. *(Shocked—is sitting on* B.L. *of* T.C.*)* Oh, no, Austin,—not the nice ones.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* GEORGE*)* You talk as if it wasn't nice to be human.

GEORGE. I don't believe it is—for a girl.

JIM. *(Putting his head in at the door—and*

wearing a kitchen apron) How do you want the potatoes?

AUSTIN. *(L.C.)* Fried!

DAVID. Boiled!

GEORGE. Mashed!

(DAVID starts to speak—too slow.)

JIM. Good. They are *mashed. (Exits kitchen.)*

AUSTIN. Why did you ask us then?

JIM. Oh, just to please you. *(Goes back into the kitchenette.)*

DAVID. *(Going to R. of chair C. Taking the letter from his hip pocket)* Oh, Austin, this came a little while ago.

AUSTIN. What——? *(Comes down L.C. Crosses to L. of F. of chair C.—takes the letter.)*

DAVID. A special delivery.

GEORGE. *(Tries to see letter—then stands on chair C.—looking over* AUSTIN'S *shoulder at the envelope)* From a firm of attorneys.

JIM. *(Entering—kitchen door)* Oh, joy, oh, rapture unrefined. We've found a melon and a grapefruit in the icebox. The melon's rotten and the grapefruit's green, but such as they are——

(GEORGE has grabbed cushion from B.R. of T.C.—throws it at JIM, who disappears—closing the door "bang."—GEORGE and DAVID stand watching AUSTIN as he reads.)

GEORGE. *(Turning to* AUSTIN*)* Well?

AUSTIN. *(Rather solemn)* Well, what do you think?

DAVID. *(R. of chair C.)* What is it, man?

AUSTIN. Well, what do you know about this——

DAVID. What?

AUSTIN. I've inherited the school.

DAVID. An automobile school?

AUSTIN. A girl's boarding school!

GEORGE. A *what?*

AUSTIN. A girls' boarding school.

GEORGE. A what?

AUSTIN. *(Crossing to chair* R.*)* You heard me the first time.

GEORGE. Yes, I know,—but when I say, "A what?" I mean "how peculiar."

DAVID. *(Goes to* AUSTIN'S L.*)* Who is it from, Austin?

AUSTIN. From Johns. It seems he was my aunt's lawyer, says the property consists of about seven acres, with two large buildings capable of housing fifty pupils with teaching staff and servants' quarters—small cottage where my aunt herself used to live—tennis courts, swimming pool, vegetable and flower gardens—oh, this is not so good —Uh! *(Sits chair* R.—GEORGE *jumps down and hurries to* L. *of* DAVID. *Read.)* "Unfortunately of late years, Mrs. Bevans has been expending such large sums on betterments that the property is heavily mortgaged, and the fixed charges almost equal the gross income." *(The smoke is blown into* AUSTIN'S *face.* GEORGE *and* DAVID *lean forward to see the letter.* AUSTIN *looks at them, they straighten up.)* "The holder of the mortgage, however, is a gentleman whose personal interest in the school would lead him to make the most favorable arrangements consistent with his own interests. We should advise you to confer with us at once in reference to continuing the school along the lines he thinks best." Along the lines he thinks best! *(To them.)* How about along the lines *I* think best?

GEORGE. Why should anyone leave a girl's school to you?

AUSTIN. She didn't leave it to me. She died without a will, and I'm next of kin.

DAVID. *(Crossing* F.U. *to kitchen door. Shouting)* Twins! Twins! Come in here! *(*JIM *and* TIM *enter, both wearing kitchen aprons—*JIM C. *of door—*TIM *is* R. *and above* JIM.*)* Austin has inherited a school. *(*GEORGE *again leans forward to see the letter, then goes to table* C., *puts cigarette in ash tray.)*

JIM. *(*L. *of* DAVID*)* Oh, quit your kidding. Can't you see we're busy? *(Turns to go out.)*

DAVID. *(At* R. *of door, stops them)* No, it's true. He's inherited that school from his aunt.

JIM. *(*L. *of* TIM*)* What kind of a school?

DAVID. A young ladies' boarding school.

JIM *and* TIM. *(On same cue with* JIM *sing as they cross)* Good night—Ladies. Good night—Ladies.

JIM. *(Crossing to* L. *of* AUSTIN—TIM *on* AUSTIN'S R.—DAVID *goes to* R. *of chair* C.—GEORGE *to* R. *of* T.C.*)* Congratulations, old man. *(*AUSTIN *rises—Crosses to* R.C.*)* Well, next to inheriting the Sultan's harem——

DAVID. *(Stopping* AUSTIN*)* Austin, pity it isn't a boys' school. Then you could be a teacher at last.

AUSTIN. Think I couldn't teach girls?

GEORGE. *(*R. *of* T.C.*)* Of course you could, Austin. *(Goes to chair above* T.C.—*Sits.)*

TIM. *(Going to* R. *of* GEORGE*)* Sure——

JIM. *(At chair* R.*)* Of course he could—only maybe not the thing their parents would want them to learn.

AUSTIN. Jim! *(Crosses* L.C.*)*

DAVID. *(*R. *of chair* C.*)* Do you think there's any money in it, Austin?

AUSTIN. Money in it! You bet there is. There's nothing the great American public laps up like education, properly presented. I believe I could make

the Fairview School for girls one of the most paying investments—— *(*TIM—R. *of chair* C.*)*

GEORGE. *(Rising—hurries down between table* C. *and bench* L. *to* AUSTIN—*interrupting)* What! Hold on. Did you say the Fairview School?

AUSTIN. *(*L.C.*)* Yes, that was my aunt's name for it—silly name, too.

GEORGE. *(*R. *of* AUSTIN*)* But that's where Elise goes.

DAVID. *(*R. *of chair* C.*)* Mr. Johns' niece?

GEORGE. Yes, and my sister Sally.

AUSTIN. Your sister goes there? Why, George, you must know all about it. Sit down and tell me everything you know——

*(*GEORGE *sits* B.L. DAVID *sits chair* C. JIM *stands* L.R. *of* T.C., *resting his knee on the bench.* TIM *sits on* R. *of* R.C.*)*

GEORGE. Oh, I've never been near the place.

AUSTIN. *(Standing* L. *of* GEORGE*)* But you must have heard the girls talk about it. What did they say?

GEORGE. Oh, they say the usual things people say about their own school.

AUSTIN. What sort of things? Do try and think, George.

GEORGE. *(Trying hard to remember)* Well, they said it was rotten.

AUSTIN. What was?

GEORGE. Everything.

AUSTIN. They must have mentioned some special things. What did they talk about most?

GEORGE. The food.

AUSTIN. What did they say about it?

GEORGE. They said it was rotten.

AUSTIN. Didn't they say anything about the teachers?

GEORGE. Yes, they said they were rotten.

AUSTIN. Which ones?

GEORGE. All of them—except Miss Hays.

AUSTIN. Who is Miss Hays?

GEORGE. I don't know women, but I think she must be the rottenest of all. One of these women who goes around making fun of men. I don't think girls should be allowed to make fun of men, do you?

*(*AUSTIN *goes toward chair* L.*)*

TIM *and* JIM. *(Indignantly)* Certainly not.

JIM. Come on, Tim, let's finish dinner. *(They* X.A.*—exit kitchen.)*

DAVID. Making fun of men—is the privilege of old maids, isn't it?

GEORGE. Miss Hays isn't so awfully old, and besides, she's been married.

AUSTIN. *(Comes back to* GEORGE*)* Why does she call herself *Miss* Hays, then?

GEORGE. Because—my mother told me, only of course, the girls are not supposed to know—they say, she's been divorced.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* B.L.*)* Divorced? Why, I don't think I want a divorced woman teaching my girls——

GEORGE. Your girls? It's my girl you're talking about.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing* R.*)* I believe I'll take a run up there to-morrow and look the property over.

DAVID. *(Rises, above settee. Follows* AUSTIN*)* I wouldn't go there, if I were you, Austin, a good-looking young fellow like you.

*(*GEORGE *rises to window up* R.C. JIM *enters kitchen. carrying the dinner on a tray.)*

(BELL)

JIM. Victual's up, gents, dinner is served.

(The doorbell rings off L.*)*

DAVID. *(Turns to chair* E.*)* Answer the bell, Jim, will you?

JIM. You're no cripple, are you, Dave?

DAVID. *(Going to the door)* I've been doing it all day.

JIM. Then you must do it very well by now.

(DAVID *opens the door* L. JOHNS *enters.)*

JOHNS. Well, this is a nice place to live. Haven't you any elevator?

DAVID. No.

JOHNS. Is this Mr. Austin Bevans?

DAVID. No, it is not!

JOHNS. It's not an insult to be taken for Mr. Bevans, is it? Or isn't it?

DAVID. Well, I——

JOHNS. Is he in, or isn't he?

GEORGE. *(Hurries to* JOHNS, *shakes hands)* How do you do, Mr. Johns?

*(*DAVID *Crosses above to easy chair after closing door.)*

JOHNS. Hullo, George, is this where you live?

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

JOHNS. Is Bevans in?

AUSTIN. *(Coming forward to* R. *of chair* C.*)* I am Austin Bevans, sir.

JOHNS. *(Crossing to* F. *and* L. *of* B.L.—GEORGE *to* L.C.*)* *You!* Good heavens. *You* own a girls' school? *(*DAVID *is* R.C.2.*)* Well, well, well. *(He laughs heartily, while* AUSTIN *remains perfectly grave.)* How did you feel when you heard about

your inheritance, something like the man who inherited a white elephant, eh?

AUSTIN. No, Mr. Johns, not at all like that.

JOHNS. *(L.C.I.)* Well, it's all right. I'll help you out. I'll take it off your hands. As a matter of fact, I practically own it, anyhow——

AUSTIN. *(Crossing to* JOHNS*)* You own my school?

JOHNS. Yes, I have a mortgage of $35,000 on it, and the property isn't worth more than thirty at the outside.

DAVID. *(Comes down* R.C.*)* Now, how's that? I'd like to ask you, sir—*(*AUSTIN *and* JOHNS *look at him.)*—I'm a lawyer myself—why should you, a businessman, lend more money on a piece of property than it's worth?

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of* B.L.*)* Yes, Mr. MacKenzie is right. Why?

JOHNS. *(Crossing to* L. *of* DAVID*)* Well—er—matter of friendship.

DAVID. Friendship!

JOHNS. Yes, my niece is at the school—has been there ever since she came under my charge, and then I've always had a great respect for the lady who is second in command there—Miss Hays—I didn't want the school to close—but I had no idea the extravagant program that Mrs. Bevans was starting on—why, she used the money to fit the place up like a palace—folly, sir, folly—but Miss Hays is much more sensible. Under her management——

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of chair* C.*)* Sit down, Mr. Johns. *(*ALL *start to offer him a seat.* AUSTIN *the chair* C. *—as he does not take it,* AUSTIN *pushes it up to table—out of the way.* GEORGE *the chair* L. JIM *the chair* U.C.*—stands* A.L. *of* T.C. DAVID *the chair* R.*)* I'd like to discuss this with you.

JOHNS. *(*R. *of chair* C.*)* Not worth while. Only

take a minute to say what I have to say. Just want to put you out of your agony——

AUSTIN. *(L. of chair C.)* I haven't been in any agony.

JOHNS. It's all right, Miss Hays is a college woman—she's giving the girls a splendid education —taking all the nonsense out of them—making 'em sensible and husky. Now this is my proposition—I won't foreclose and you won't interfere. If we go on losing money, I'll pay the bills. If we make any *(Quickly.)* which isn't likely, I'll go shares with you. That's pretty liberal. You approve of that, I suppose?

AUSTIN. *(L. of chair C.—firmly)* No, Mr. Johns, I don't approve.

JOHNS. *(R. of chair C.)* What do you mean?

DAVID. Why, man——?

GEORGE. *(At chair L.)* Why, Austin!

AUSTIN. I don't approve of that idea of education. I don't want the nonsense taken out of girls. *(JOHNS looks at him.)* No man does. I don't want them educated to be sensible, and husky.

JOHNS. Well, bless my soul, how do you want them to be educated?

AUSTIN. *(Calmly)* I want them educated to be charming.

JOHNS. *Charming?*

AUSTIN. Yes, charming—charming in the best sense—well-mannered, low-voiced, well-dressed, feminine, able to meet all situations. That's what we all want girls to be—why not educate them to be it?

JOHNS. *(R. and F. of chair C.)* You can't teach 'em those things.

AUSTIN. *(F. and L. of chair C.)* You can't, maybe. My aunt couldn't. Perhaps that's why she left the school to me.

JOHNS. She didn't *leave* it to you—if she had she should have spent the best of her days in a lunatic asylum.

AUSTIN. You think I'm not a fit person to run a girls' school?

JOHNS. You're about the most unfit I ever saw.

AUSTIN. There you're wrong. I am fitted to run a school—much better fitted than my aunt was, first, because I am a businessman——

JOHNS. What!

AUSTIN. Don't interrupt, please. Now the great principle which has made the success of the press and the theater has never been applied to education——

JOHNS. What principle do you mean?

AUSTIN. The principle of giving your public what it wants.

JOHNS. Giving the girls what they want?

AUSTIN. No, no one cares about the girls—the parents—the parents are my public.

JOHNS. Your public?

DAVID. *(R.C.I.)* Austin, you don't mean you'll ever go near the place yourself?

AUSTIN. Not go near it, Dave. I shall live there and direct it just as my aunt did, but not in the same direction.

JIM. *(A.L. of T.C.)* Why, Austin, your face would wreck a thousand ladies' seminaries.

DAVID. *(R.C.I.)* Who ever heard of a man of your age running a girls' school?

AUSTIN. Dave, you ought to get over the idea that because a thing is new it's wrong.

JOHNS. But what do you know about education?

AUSTIN. Nothing at all, just like everybody else. *(Turns to L.C.)*

JOHNS. *(Crossing to AUSTIN)* Now, wait a minute, wait a minute, young man. Do you think

that any parent who had ever seen you would send a girl to your school?

AUSTIN. Yes, I do, Mr. Johns, for it is to parents that I should especially appeal. Sit down, Mr. Johns. *(*JOHNS *laughs.* GEORGE *sits, chair* L. DAVID *sits arm of easy chair.* JIM *stands up* L. *of* T.C. AUSTIN *takes the chair up* L.C., *brings it down, stands holding its back,* L. *of* JOHNS.*)* Now what is it that every parent who sends a girl to boarding-school really wants?

JOHNS. *(Sits* F. *of* B.L., *puts hat on chair* C.*)* To get rid of her.

AUSTIN. Very true—but that's not all. It's no good to get rid of her for four or five years and then have her back on their hands forever. Parents want girls made into attractive women—they don't dare say this—they talk a lot of bunk about cultivation and womanliness, but what they really mean is attractiveness—they want their daughters to be charming and have beaux that mean business——

JOHNS. Eh!

AUSTIN. Of course, they do. Well, my scheme is to meet the parents half-way. To come boldly and say that the object of my school is to teach charm. And, by Heavens! I'll teach 'em—have 'em taught, that is. *(*AUSTIN *replaces the chair, holds it for a moment.)*

JOHNS. By constant personal contact with the pupils?

AUSTIN. *(Coming to* L. *of* JOHNS*)* On the contrary—I shall hold myself aloof. I shall be an unseen power. Of course, I shall address the assembled school now and then. Because you see that when an old woman like my aunt told them to stand up straight and lower their voices, they didn't pay much attention, to her, but when a young man of my age says it—or suppose I get Jack Barrymore to come and lecture on the drama, and he mentions

that Juliet's voice was low and thrilling, you bet the voices of the school will be a lot lower and thrillinger at once. Or if Lucille or some other great dressmaker told them how much better good clothes look on a straight back than a crooked one, they'd stand up straight. Do you see? Do you get my idea?

JOHN. Yes. I think I get your idea. But one objection occurs to me. School girls are notoriously silly creatures. Suppose they all took it into their heads to fall in love with you—your appearance, you know—if I may say so——

AUSTIN. Since you ask me, I think it would be better taste not to mention it.

JOHNS. Well, all right, take it on the score of age, then, you're rather young to run a girls' school.

GEORGE. I should say he is.

AUSTIN. It's a question of character, not age. I've known a lot of old men I shouldn't care to trust in my school.

JOHNS. *(Looks at him)* Eh!

AUSTIN. But as a matter of fact, I'm not a man who inspires affection.

JOHNS. You surprise me.

DAVID. *(Rises)* You are, man, you are.

AUSTIN. Thank you, David. *(*DAVID *sits again, arm of easy chair.)* And anyhow, I'm only doing it because I'm in love with another girl, and am in hopes of getting enough money to marry her before her mother finds a better match for her daughter.

JOHNS. Oh, I see——

AUSTIN. But supposing you're right and one of them did fall in love with me. All the better. We should simply sublimate her emotion into love of her work.

JOHNS. You'd what?

AUSTIN. Sublimate her emotion—not familiar with the works of Freud?

JOHNS. Never heard of him.

AUSTIN. Mercy, what a sheltered life you've led! Well, the point is that if one of the girls should develop a sentiment, I'd make her work all the harder for it.

JOHNS. I see. Pass her college examinations for love of you?

AUSTIN. College! I shouldn't allow my girls to go to college.

JOHNS. The Fairview School has always made a specialty of college examinations.

AUSTIN. Yes, and look at the mortgage on it.

JOHNS. Do you think you know more about education than people who have given their lives to it?

AUSTIN. I know more about girls than a lot of old women do.

JOHNS. Miss Hays isn't old.

AUSTIN. Miss Hays?

JOHNS. Yes. The lady I spoke of—the lady I wish left in charge.

AUSTIN. Now, you see, Mr. Johns, I don't ask you to lend me money to carry out these ideas . . .

JOHNS. No, you have some glimmerings left.

AUSTIN. But what I do ask is this—that you leave your money in the school for a time, and that you won't withdraw your niece—— *(*JOHNS *looks at him suspiciously.)* At least, till the end of the term.

JOHNS. *(Suspicious—quickly)* Did you ever see my niece?

AUSTIN. No, no, she's nothing but a pupil to me . . . but it'd be a terrible black eye to the new management if you—such a prominent patron of the school . . .

JOHNS. *(Looking at him)* Eh?

AUSTIN. Were to be the first to remove a pupil.

DAVID. *(Rises, earnestly)* Austin, for goodness' sake, give up this idea. Let Mr. Johns take over

See pages 50-51

the school. You can't lose anything and you may make a dollar or two. *(Comes down* R.C.*)*

*(*JOHNS *looks at* DAVID*—approving.)*

AUSTIN. Dave, there isn't anything anyone could say could make me give it up.

JOHNS. *(Rises—to* R. *of* AUSTIN*)* All right, young man, all right, you're a fine salesman and a good talker. We'll go along your own lines. I'll leave my niece.

GEORGE. *(Rises)* I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir.

JOHNS. How about your sister Sally, George?

GEORGE. Oh, it's all right about Sally, but I don't want Austin teaching Elise.

JOHNS. *(To* AUSTIN*)* This is my new proposition: I'll leave my niece and I'll leave my money on two conditions.

AUSTIN. Good—what are they?

JOHNS. First, that no one falls in love with you.

AUSTIN. I guarantee that absolutely.

GEORGE. I don't see how you can guarantee a thing like that.

JIM. *(*U.L. *of* T.C.*)* Speaking for myself—that would be impossible.

JOHNS. Remember that if anyone falls in love with you, I'll foreclose.

AUSTIN. If one of the girls did fall in love with me, it would ruin the school! Well, you bet your life I won't let that happen. What's your other condition?

JOHNS. That you retain Miss Hays as second in command.

AUSTIN. Oh, I don't know about that.

JOHNS. *(Beginning to be angry)* What do you mean? What objection have you to Miss Hays?

You have to have some woman there. I suppose even you will admit that.

AUSTIN. Yes. I must have a woman in charge. But I'm not sure that she would be the best.

JOHNS. What have you got against Miss Hays?

AUSTIN. She's not a relative of yours, is she?

JOHNS. Well, she's a sort of connection—by marriage.

AUSTIN. Well, I understand that she has been divorced.

JOHNS. *(Bursting out)* Well, what if she has? Are you going to hold it against a woman if she was once silly enough to allow herself to be teased into marrying a bad-tempered cuss that no one could get along with?

AUSTIN. You knew her husband then?

JOHNS. Yes, I know a lot about him.

AUSTIN. And you think it was all his fault?

JOHNS. Yes, I do—— *(A slight pause.)* Almost all.

AUSTIN. The question is—would that have a good influence on my girls?

GEORGE. *(Standing at chair* L.*)* *Your* girls!

JOHNS. *(Suddenly chuckling)* Well, it might have a very good influence on her.

AUSTIN. On her?

JOHNS. To have a male boss for a few months.

AUSTIN. A few months?

JOHNS. You don't suppose you are going to last longer than the end of the term, do you?

AUSTIN. Mr. Johns, I expect to live and die as the successful principal of the Fairview School for girls! *(Walks firmly to the telephone on bureau.)*

*(*JOHNS *gestures "Hopeless." Crosses to chair* R., *sits.* DAVID *crosses up* R.C. *to* R. *of* AUSTIN.*)*

GEORGE. What are you going to do, Austin?

AUSTIN. *(In phone)* Hullo Central! Are all the wrong numbers busy? Well, get me Western Union, please. *(During the following conversation he sends his message.)* Western Union? This is Grammercy 4442—Fairview School, Westchester County. Will arrive to-morrow morning to inspect the School. Signed—Austin Bevans—Repeat that message, please. *(When* JOHNS *speaks, "Oh, Mr. Bevans——")* And charge it to this number, etc. *(End of message.)*

JIM. Oh, come on, don't let the food get cold. *(Exits to kitchen, carries plate.)*

DAVID. *(To* JOHNS*)* Mr. Johns, you're a sensible man, won't you make Austin drop these plans of his?

*(*GEORGE *Crosses to* L. *of* DAVID.*)*

JOHNS. For the Charm School?

DAVID. Yes, you don't mean you think he can make a success of it?

JOHNS. Certainly not, Mr. McKensie, but when an obstinate man has got hold of something that you want yourself, sometimes the quickest way to get it away from him is to let him ruin it his own way.

GEORGE. *(*L. *of* DAVID*)* But you don't really approve of Austin having the instruction of a girl like Elise. *(Quickly apologizing.)* Of course, it's nothing to me, Mr. Johns——

JOHNS. Oh, no, of course not, George, but why don't you apply for a job there yourself? *(*JIM *enters—kitchen—to* L.C. TIM *follows in to* L. *of bench* L.*)* Girls ought to understand how to balance a check-book. *(Rises. Going to* L. *of chair* C. GEORGE *sits* F. *of bench* R.*)* Oh, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. And charge it to Grammercy 4442—

No, I'm not stuttering, 4442. *(Hangs up receiver, comes down* L.C.*)*

*(*DAVID *goes above table* C.*—sits.)*

JOHNS. I was just saying, that you ought to get George to give a course in household accounting. Women should understand such things.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* JOHNS*)* Yes. They certainly ought.

JIM. *(To* L. *of* AUSTIN*)* Oh, Austin, if you give George a job, when I need one so terrifically.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing to mantel)* Nothing doing, Jim.

JIM. *(*L. *of* JOHNS*)* Oh, Mr. Johns, speak to him. We need a job worse than anybody else.

TIM. *(To* R. *of* JOHNS*)* Our father has stopped our allowance until we find one.

JOHNS. *(Crossing to* L. *of* AUSTIN, R.C.*)* Come now, Mr. Bevans, aren't you a little inconsistent to refuse your friends? If girls are to learn charm, so much better from you than from your aunt, why shouldn't they learn—*(Turns to* TWINS.*)*—what is it you teach, young gentlemen?

JIM. *(*L. *of* TIM*)* I am a dancing instructor.

TIM. *(*F. *of* B.L.*)* And I am amateur tennis champion of Poughkeepsie, and I play the ukulele!

JOHNS. Poughkeepsie—the Smith Brothers without the beards. *(*R.C.*)* There you are,—dancing, athletics, and the ukulele from these young men.

AUSTIN. *(*R.*)* Ah, you're none of you serious, but I am.

JOHNS. *(Looks at him)* By Gad, I believe you are.

AUSTIN. You bet I am. I'm going there tomorrow to take over the entire management.

JOHNS. *(Chuckling)* I wish I could be there.

AUSTIN. I wish you could. I wish you'd come with me.

JOHNS. Oh, no. *(Seriously.)* I can't do that. *(A slight pause.)* How'll you go about it?

AUSTIN. I shall have the whole school assembled, and make them a short address describing my aims and methods. Then I shall have a little chat with the teachers, make up my mind which will be suitable to my ideas——

JOHNS. *(Chuckling)* I'd give ten years to be there.

AUSTIN. Why don't you come and introduce me?

JOHNS. By George! I believe I will! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll motor you up. I'll call for you to-morrow morning at 9:30.

AUSTIN. Right, 9:30. *(The bell rings off* L.*)*

DAVID. Answer the bell, Jim, since you're up.

TIM. *(Hastily sitting down)* But I'm not up, Dave. *(On* F. *of* B.L. *of* T.C.*)*

*(*JIM *slides up* L.C. *out of the way.* DAVID *Crosses above to* D.L.*)*

GEORGE. *(To* L. *of* JOHNS*)* I can go with you, too, Austin, look over the books and give you some idea of your financial position.

JOHNS. Why, he hasn't got any financial position.

*(*DAVID *opens door.)*

AUSTIN. *(*R.*)* But I will have. *(Goes to mantel.)*

(As soon as the TWINS *see* ELISE *they show surprise, they slip the aprons off.* JIM'S *on chair*

U.L.C. TIM *rises* L. *of* T.C., *drops his apron there.* DAVID *opens door* L. *Steps back, puts on coat, then closes door.* ELISE *is standing there. She is small, very gentle, and hides under timidity the will of iron.)*

ELISE. I beg your pardon. *(Timidly.)* Is Mr. Johns here?

GEORGE. *(Turns, sees* ELISE, *crosses eagerly to her, hand outstretched,* JOHNS *comes to* C.*)* Why, Elise!

ELISE. Hello, George! *(*TWINS *take a good look at* GEORGE'S *sweetheart.)*

JOHNS. *(*X. *to* L.C. *Peering at her)* What are you doing here?

ELISE. Oh! Uncle,—*(Crossing toward* JOHNS.*)* I've been waiting hours and hours downstairs in the motor—the chauffeur said he was to meet you here at six.

JOHNS. Why aren't you at school where you belong?

ELISE. Well, I thought I'd like to go to the theater to-night, uncle darling.

JOHNS. There must be fine discipline at your school.

ELISE. There isn't any, when Miss Hays is away.

JOHNS. Where *is* Miss Hays?

ELISE. She's gone home for a few days.

JOHNS. Gone home!

ELISE. Yes, her mother's very, very ill.

JOHNS. Hu!

ELISE. And, of course, we can do anything we like with Miss Curtis.

AUSTIN. Ah!

JOHNS. *(Beginning to shout)* Well, you can't do anything you like with me.

ELISE. Oh, yes, I can.

JOHNS. You'll go straight back there to-night.

ELISE. Oh, no, no, no, not to-night, *(Patting his cheeks.)* Uncle darling.

JOHNS. By the next train. I never heard such nonsense.

GEORGE. *(Steps forward)* Oh, do please let her stay, Mr. Johns, and we'll all go to the movies.

TIM *and* JIM. *(Come forward, to* L. *of* JOHNS*)* Ah, please do, Mr. Johns.

JOHNS. *(Crossing to* DAVID—L.I.*)* Mr. McKensie, what do you think of this? *(*ELISE *follows to* R. *of* JOHNS.*)*

DAVID. *(Solemnly)* Well, I think in principle the young lady ought to go back to her school. *(The* BOYS *glare at* DAVID *for suggesting such a thing.)*

ELISE. Oh! Mr. MacKenzie! *(Smiles at* DAVID —DAVID *weakens.)*

DAVID. But in view of the circumstances, I should make an exception.

ELISE. *(Beaming on* DAVID*)* Oh, that is nice of you. *(Shakes hands with* DAVID.*)* How do you do? *(Turns to the* TWINS. GEORGE *shakes hands with* DAVID.*)*

JOHNS. *(Crosses to* AUSTIN *at mantel*—ELISE *follows him)* And what do you think of this?

AUSTIN. *(Comes down* R.C. *Very stern)* I think she ought to go back.

ELISE. *(Reproachfully)* Oh! *(Stamps her foot.)*

CURTAIN

(First Picture:)

JOHNS. *(Taking his hat)* That settles it, back you go! *(*ELISE *remonstrates.)* JOHNS *hurries her*

to door L.) No, no. *(*GEORGE *hurries to door, opens it as* JOHNS *hurries* ELISE *out.)*

CURTAIN

(Second Picture:)

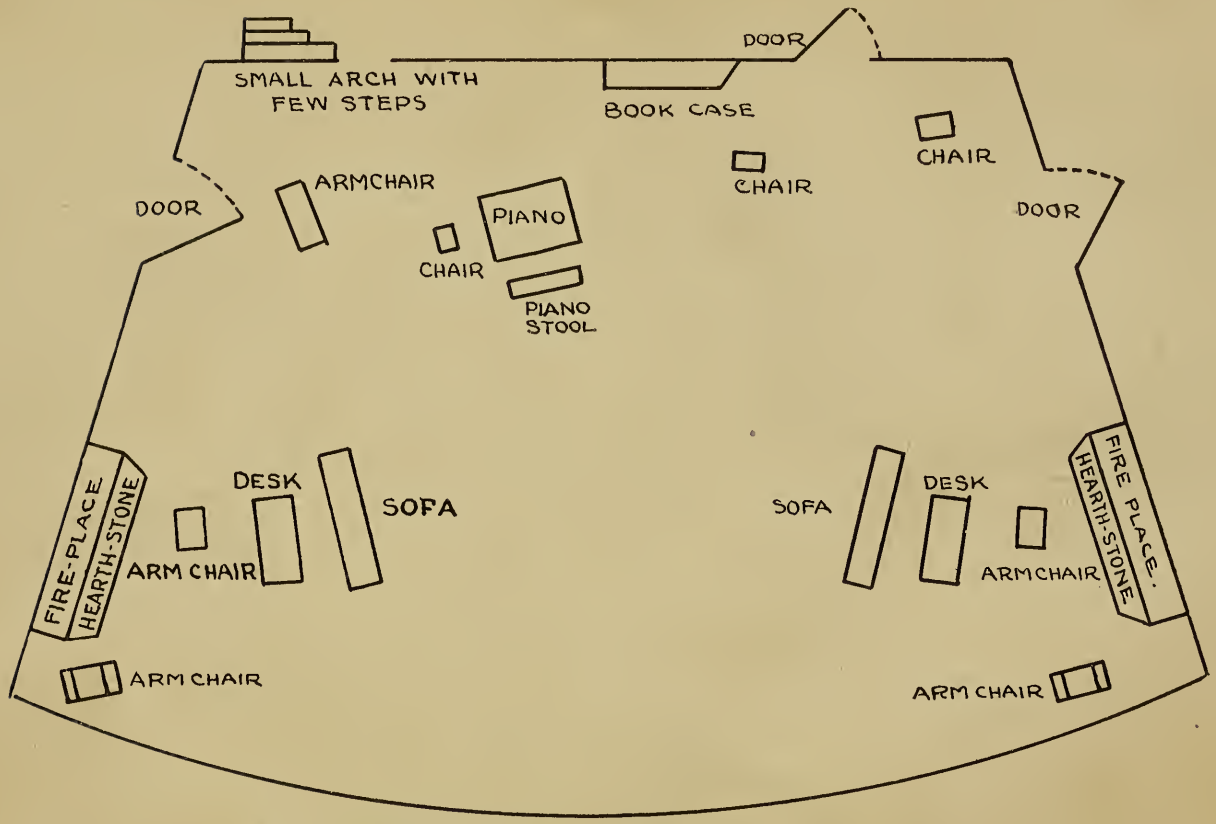
*(*GEORGE, DAVID *and the* TWINS *are grouped around the door—looking off. They turn to* AUSTIN—*sitting chair* C.—*he rises, goes* R.*)*

CURTAIN

(Third Picture:)

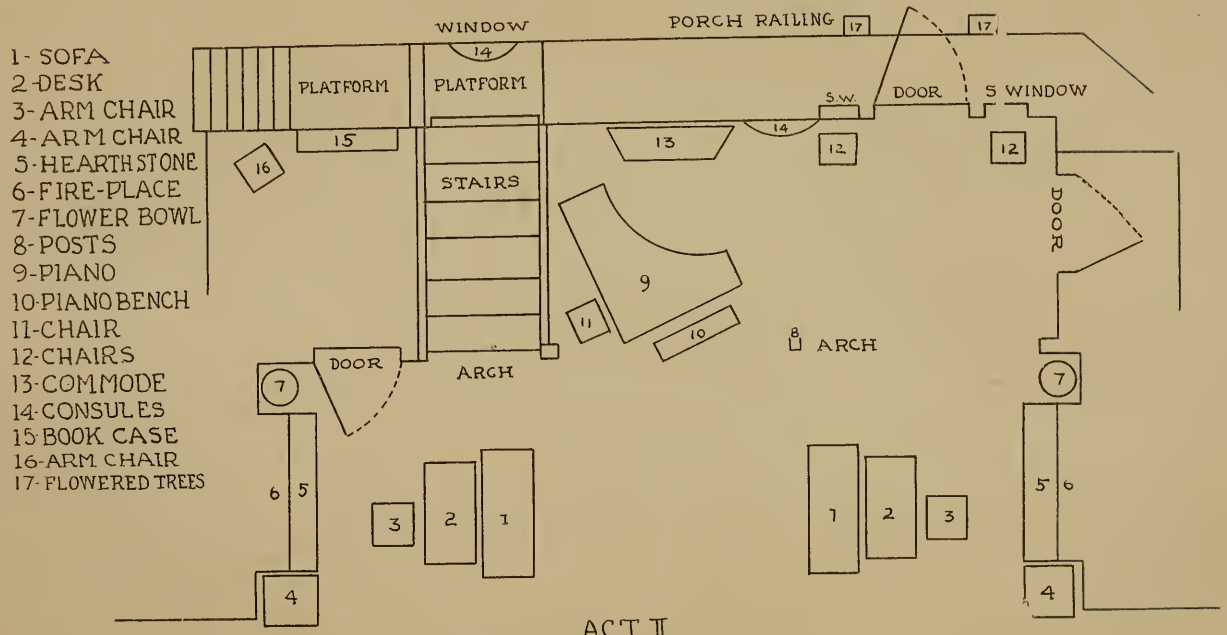
(The BOYS *are grouped* L. *of chair* C.—AUSTIN R.C. —ELISE *and* JOHNS *enter—stand inside doorway.)*

CURTAIN FALLS



THE CHARM SCHOOL ACT 2. (SIMPLIFIED SETTING)

DROP - TREES IN BLOOM



ACT II

THE CHARM SCHOOL

SCENE DESIGN

ACT II

SCENE: *The main hall of the School in one of the fine old Colonial houses of Westchester County, New York.*

Everything about the set shows the best taste, but executed in a quiet, simple manner.

On L. *above the return is a fireplace built into the set, about* 18 *inches above the mantel is a flat extending across stage to* R.

On R. *above the return is a fireplace built into the set. Both sides of the set below the flat are exactly alike.*

This flat is divided into three equal sections, by two posts. Two high arches, and the space on the R. *contains a glass door which swings down and off, leading into another section of the house and* L. *of this door a low, broad stairway of six steps running straight up stage to a platform—then off to* R. *There is a high, narrow window above platform. Back of the two arches—*C. *and* L.*—is a rectangular space about* 8 *by* 20 *feet; in the wall side on* L. *is a door. Swinging up and off. In the back flat on* L. *proportioned to the arch* L. *is a large Colonial glass door, swinging up stage and on, with narrow side windows. The rest of back flat is blank, with a side piece coming down stage to the post* R.C.*—The partition between the stairs and this section of the set. The above glass door is the general entrance from outside. Above this is a porch and rail—backed by a*

landscape drop—trees, shrubs, etc., in blossom —as it is springtime. The door on L. *is backed by an interior backing—on* R. *by an interior backing.*

SCENE I: *Time—noon, the following day.*
SCENE II: *About two weeks later.*

DISCOVERED: MISS CURTIS *is at desk* L.—*going over her account book, adding up figures, evidently very much distressed. As she holds her head in her hands—"hopelessly,"* SALLY *enters —running down the stairs* R. *with "The Saturday Evening Post." She stumbles and falls above and to* L. *of sofa* R. *On seeing* MISS CURTIS *she hides the "Post" behind her.*

MISS CURTIS. *(Startled)* Oh, Sally!

SALLY. *(On her knees—*U.L. *of sofa—*R.*)* Shall I be in your way if I study in here, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. *(Not looking up)* No, of course not, child. What are you studying, Sally?

SALLY. *(Selecting a large atlas on sofa* R. *and settling the magazine inside of it—sits on sofa* R.*)* Physical geography, Miss Curtis. *(Continues to read her story—comes to a very exciting part.)* Oh!

MISS CURTIS. Is it so hard, dear?

SALLY. Not very.

MISS CURTIS. Because if it is, you may bring it to me—but don't disturb me if you can help it—I'm so anxious to get these books in order before Mr. Bevans arrives.

SALLY. Too bad he's coming the very day Miss Hays is away.

MISS CURTIS. Yes, isn't it?—But she'll be here. I telegraphed her yesterday.

SALLY. What do you suppose Mr. Bevans will be like, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. I haven't the least idea, Sally, but I'm sure of one thing—any relation of dear Mrs. Bevans is bound to be a Christian gentleman.

SALLY. *(Drearily)* I'm afraid so.

*(*MURIEL *and* ETHEL *enter room* R. ETHEL *goes to piano and sits. She is wearing very large turquoise comb in her hair, on* R. *side.* MURIEL *to* L. *of* SALLY, *looking over her shoulder.)*

MURIEL. What are you reading, Sally? I'm going to tell on you.

SALLY. *(Driving her away)* Shhss—shut up!

*(*ETHEL *strikes a low note on piano.* MISS CURTIS *jumps.* MURIEL *goes to piano, sits on bench, below* ETHEL. *They start practicing the scale and singing.* MISS CURTIS *nearly goes mad. She is holding her head as if it would burst.* ELISE *appears on stairs and takes in the situation.* SALLY *rises, carrying the Atlas, she also sings the scales, mocking the girls, and crosses to above post* L.C.*)*

ELISE. Muriel! Ethel! *(*R. *of them.)* You are almost driving poor Miss Curtis mad. *(They stop.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(*X.F. *up to commode)* Oh, no, Elise, don't stop them! It's very silly of me not to be able to work while they practice.

MURIEL. *(Bobbing her head at* ELISE*)* I've got to do my scales. Elise.

ELISE. Do them in the music room.

MURIEL. It's so chilly there.

ELISE. That's what a music room is for.

*(*ELISE *goes to* C. *The* GIRLS *again run the scales*

and sing. Three times—stop. SALLY *goes to sofa* L. *Lounges on it. Still absorbed in her story.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Comes down* L. *of* ELISE, *who has come to* C.*)* I'm so anxious to get these books in order before Mr. Bevans arrives—and he may be here *any* moment now.

ELISE. *(*R. *of* MISS CURTIS*)* What do you think he'll be like, Miss Curtis?

*(*SALLY *remains reading—on sofa* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. I haven't the least idea—but do you know—whenever I'm in doubt I always consult the Bible—just open it anywhere and put my finger on a verse. I did it this morning, and what do you suppose the verse was——?

ELISE. What was it?

MISS CURTIS. —What the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon: *(Crosses* F.*—to* L. *of* D.L.*)* "Verily, the half was not told to me."

*(*ELISE *crosses to sofa* R.*—kneels on it, reaches over to desk* R. ETHEL *runs scale and sings to show* MURIEL *the way it should be done.)*

SALLY. *(Dispassionately—is lounging on sofa* L.*)* I suppose you know the furnace man is drunk again, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(Shocked)* Good gracious, Sally, that can't be.

SALLY. You mean they can't get it any more. Oh, yes, they can—the wise guys.

MISS CURTIS. *(More firmly)* I mean, you shouldn't know anything about such things.

SALLY. Well, how can I help knowing about it,

when he's been rowing with the cook all the morning under my window. Ha! I never heard such names as he called her.

ELISE. *(Rises and runs to* SALLY'S R.*)* Give us a tell? *(*SALLY *rises, leaves book on sofa* L. SALLY *whispers it to* ELISE. ETHEL *and* MURIEL *turn to her—on bench.)* Oh! *(Crosses to sofa* L., *kneels on it.)*

ETHEL *and* MURIEL. *(Rise, go to* SALLY'S R.*)* Tell us! Tell us—— *(*SALLY *whispers it to them,* MURIEL *first—then to* ETHEL.*)*

MURIEL. Tell me!

ETHEL. *(Horrified)* Did he say that? Hu!

MURIEL. *(Crossing to sofa* R.*—sits)* I don't call that anything. My father calls our cook much worse every time dinner is late.

(A terrible racket is heard off stage U.L., *followed by angry voices.* LILLIAN, MADGE *and* ALIX *enter—on stairs* U.R.*)*

SALLY. *(Runs up to door* U.L.*—looks off—turns to the* GIRLS, *delighted)* Ha, ha. I guess she got him that time. *(Coming down* L. *of* C. *Showing them how it was done.)* She caught him and shook him and threw him down, then she kicked him.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Sally, Sally, Sally. *(Rising)* I must go and stop them. I'm sure I haven't the least idea what to say. *(*L.C.*)*

ELISE. Shall we go, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. *(Shocked into action, going to door* U.L.C.*)* Certainly not, my dear—*(Turns.)* That would be most improper.

*(*MISS CURTIS *exits.* ELISE *to sofa* L.*—sits.* MURIEL *crosses to* R. *of* T.R. *Kneels on chair—dips pen in ink and shakes ink on floor—tries to*

write—again dips pen in ink and repeats the business. MADGE *and* ALIX *cross to sofa* R. *and sit—*LILLIAN *goes to* R. *of piano.* ETHEL *sits—piano bench. Song: "Left All Alone Again"—Blues—Night Boat.* MURIEL *starts to sing slowly.* ETHEL *picks it up on piano, other girls slowly come in.)*

SALLY. *(*F. *of post—*L.C.*)* It seems as if school got rottener every day.

ETHEL. *(Sitting—*P.B.*)* It always seems worse in Spring.

MURIEL. *(Kneeling on chair—*R. *of* D.R.*)* Certainly the food is rottener.

SALLY. *Food!* I haven't seen any real—what I call food—since I came here. *(Slides down—sits on floor—*F. *of post* L.C.*)*

LILLIAN. *(Going to* C.3*)* I shouldn't mind so much, if they taught us anything really useful—*(To* L., *whirls about, jumps on* U. *arm of sofa* L.*)* like a new step in dancing. *(*ELISE *rises—sits on top of piano.)*

(Song: "I Might Be Yours Once in a While.")

MADGE. *(Rises—going to piano)* Oh, what's the use of knowing how to dance if there aren't any boys to dance with? *(Sits on bench below* ETHEL.*)*

*(*ETHEL *commences to play, the* GIRLS *sing* 16 *bars of "I Might Be Yours Once in a While.")*

MURIEL. *(Sits—chair* R.*)* I feel as if I should die, if I didn't see an attractive man within twenty-four hours.

SALLY. Any kind would do me.

ALIX. *(Sitting on sofa* R.*—to* MURIEL*)* But—but—but——

LILLIAN. *(On sofa* L.*)* Quiet, there, quiet! *(*ETHEL *stops playing.)* Alix is trying to say something in English.

*(*ETHEL *slides down on bench, shoves* MADGE *off.* MADGE *stands at post* R. *of piano.)*

ALIX. But I heard—they say in France that que les jeunes filles Americaines—the American girls they do not like men.

MADGE. *(*R. *of* P.*)* Mustn't believe all you hear, Alix.

SALLY. Where did you get that stuff?

ETHEL. Alix, why don't you like men?

ALIX. *(Rises, crosses* A. *to* L. *of desk* L.*)* I—oh, yee-es—I like the men, I like them—very, very much——

ETHEL. So do I like men, a different one every day. *(Turns to piano.)*

SALLY. Ethel, I call that flirting. *(Plays.)*

*(*MADGE *sits sofa* R. LILLIAN *sits sofa* L. SALLY *at post* L.C. ALIX L. *of desk* L. MURIEL *sits* R. *of desk* R.*)*

ELISE. No, you're all wrong, Sally, that's not flirting——

*(*MADGE *sofa* R., *sits.* ETHEL *starts to play on the piano.* ELISE *sings.)*

"WHEN I DISCOVER MY MAN"

It is not flirting, you'll agree
To take a lot of time and trouble

To find the man who will for me
Make sorrow half and pleasure double.
It seems as though I'd changed my mind
And loved first one man, then another,
But no, I merely try to find
The one man worth all the bother.

*(*SALLY *lifts* ELISE' *arm.)*

REFRAIN:

I would not marry
Tom or Dick or Harry,
Bill or Phil or Larry
Oh, no, *(Stop.)*
But oh, it worries me so
To pick the right sort of beau *(Hum.)*
He must be like Apollo
Not a little Rollo
To discover him is my plan
And he won't get out of my sight
For a night
When I discover my man.

ELISE. If perchance a man can dance
GIRLS. That enhances the romance
ELISE. He should make the first advance
GIRLS. And they all learnt how in France
ELISE. And I rather like them breezy
And easy
In finance.
GIRLS. And if he doesn't fill
ELISE. What some people call the bill
GIRLS. There are many others will
ELISE. You had better wait until
You re-discover your lover,
Perhaps the new one is the true one.

(At finish of dance ALL *are sitting on the floor.* ELISE C.2—MURIEL R.C.L.—MADGE L. *of* R.C.2. LILLIAN R. *of* C.3—SALLY C. *above* ELISE, ALIX L. *of* L.C.L.—ETHEL L.C.2.*)*

LILLIAN. *(Crawls to* ELISE*)* I know a school where they have a regular dance with boys every Saturday night.

MADGE. I should adore that.

LILLIAN. How divine.

SALLY. *(Crawls forward)* Some school.

ETHEL. *(Crossing above to below* SALLY*)* I wonder if we couldn't introduce that idea here.

SALLY. With Miss Hays? I guess not.

ETHEL. Oh, no, Sally, with the new principal. Perhaps we could put it over with Mr. Bevans.

SALLY. In the long run you can usually put anything over with a man.

ELISE. Particularly an old man. I can do anything I like with my uncle.

SALLY. Hy! He wouldn't let you stay in town last night.

ELISE. Oh, that wasn't my uncle. That was a most wonderful man.

GIRLS. *(Ad lib, crawl forward)* Who was it?

LILLIAN. What's his name?

ELISE. I don't know his name. But he was tall and beautiful and stern and when all the others begged my uncle to let me stay, he simply said, "I think she ought to go back."

SALLY. And you liked that?

ELISE. Oh, Sally, he was divine. He was like a king.

(Enter MISS CURTIS D.U.L.C.—*talking to herself.)*

MISS CURTIS. Children—children. *(The* GIRLS

crowd around her. ELISE *and* ALIX L. *of* MISS CURTIS.*)*

SALLY. *(*R. *of* MISS CURTIS*)* Wasn't he spiffed, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. Do you know, dears, I don't believe men would ever take that horrid stuff if they knew how—uncontrolled it made them appear.

*(*ELISE L. *of* MISS CURTIS.*)*

MURIEL. *(Crossing toward her)* Did you settle him, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. Yes, I quieted him. He seemed to fall into a sort of stupor.

MURIEL. That's a new name for it.

MISS CURTIS. *(A gong sounds off* U.L.*)* There's the eleven o'clock recess. *(Crossing* F. *to* L. *of desk* L.*)*

ELISE. *(The* GIRLS *start for* D.R. *ad lib. Starts with* GIRLS, *comes back to* C.*)* Can't I help you, Miss Curtis? I'm not much good at figures, but——

SALLY. *(At* D.R.—*to* C.*)* Come on, Elise, we have a senior class meeting. Have you forgotten? And you senior president!

ELISE. *(*R. *of* C.3*)* Can I help you? *(To* SALLY*)* Shss—don't be so noisy.

MISS CURTIS. *(Crosses* F. *to* R. *of* D.R. *Carries a ledger and sheet of paper, lays the ledger on the desk.—After a pause—picks up something on floor* R.C.*)* Thank you, dear. I'll get along somehow—but I do wish Miss Hays were here. *(*MURIEL *throws dart.)* Those children are about six years old, every one of them. *(Goes on murmuring as she works. The* GIRLS *go out* D.R.—SALLY *goes to* ELISE, *grabs her hand and drags her out* D.R. JOHNS *enters* D.U.L.C., *wears cap and automobile coat, comes down to* C.3—MISS CURTIS *springs up and ap-*

proaches JOHNS.*)* Oh, Mr. Bevans! We've been expecting you. I'm so sorry Miss Hayes isn't here. I am Miss Curtis, the School's Secretary.

JOHNS. *(C.3)* I am not Mr. Bevans, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(R. of* JOHNS*)* No? Oh, do excuse me, you see we're expecting our new principal to-day. Are you a—are you a parent?

JOHNS. No, I'm not. My name is Johns.

MISS CURTIS. *(Backing away)* Johns, Johns! Not—not—not——

JOHNS. Homer Johns is my name.

*(*AUSTIN *enters* D.U.L.C., *carries derby hat, and wears overcoat.)*

MISS CURTIS. *Oh,* good gracious! But what are you doing here?

JOHNS. I came to bring you your new principal. *(*MISS CURTIS *places the dart she has in her hand on desk* R. AUSTIN *comes down* L. *of* JOHNS.*)* Miss Curtis, this is Mr. Bevans.

MISS CURTIS. *(Turns, sees* AUSTIN. *Gives a low cry)* Heavenly day—him! *(Corrects herself.)* He! *(Backs to* U.E. *of sofa* R.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Seeing the time has come to assert himself. Crosses to her.* JOHNS *goes down* L.C.*)* Miss Curtis, I should like to inspect the buildings and grounds, and then later in the morning, I wish you would assemble the entire school, so that I can speak to them all.

MISS CURTIS. *(R. of* C.*)* Oh, I don't quite see how that can be possible. You see, they are all in classes.

AUSTIN. *(C.)* They must be gotten out of their classes.

MISS CURTIS. Yes, yes, of course. *(To door.)*

Oh, dear, oh, dear. Will you just wait here a moment, please? *(*Miss Curtis *goes to door* R.*—turns about, confused.)* Just a moment, please——

*(*Austin *watches her out—looks at* Johns*—goes to sofa* R.*—looks at painting on wall above mantel on* R.*—the portrait of his late aunt.)*

Johns. *(Comes to* L. *of* C.*)* So you are going to be a tyrant, eh?

Austin. Most people like their orders better when they're clear.

Johns. Young man, you have some sound ideas, but if I were about to address fifty giggling girls, I should be nervous.

Austin. They won't giggle.

(Re-enter Miss Curtis*—*D.R.*—looking at* Austin*, hardly able to speak.)*

Miss Curtis. *(Crosses to* C.*—indicating door* L.*)* I wonder, would you mind waiting in that room—just a moment—please. If you don't mind—*(*Austin *crosses to* D.L.*—turns to her.* Johns *crosses to* R.C.*)* you see, I fear it would be somewhat of a shock to the girls if they should see you *(*Austin *turns to her)* unexpectedly. *(*Austin *bows.)* Thank you.

Austin. Thank you. *(Exits* D.L.*)*

Johns. *(Crossing to* D.L.*)* I guess they'd bear up, all right. *(Bows—exits* D.L.*)*

*(*Miss Curtis *trying to collect herself—crosses—and closes door* R.*—so the* Girls *will not see the "man."* Miss Hays *enters—*D.U.L.C.*, wearing hat and traveling dress.)*

Miss Hays. Well, Theodosia!

MISS CURTIS. *(Turns, sees* MISS HAYS, *goes to her)* Oh, Eleanor! Eleanor! Thank Heaven, you have come! Oh, Eleanor, the most dreadful thing has happened.

MISS HAYS. *(C.—Perfectly calm and accustomed to* MISS CURTIS*)* *What* has happened, Theodosia?

MISS CURTIS. *(R. of* MISS HAYS*—pointing to door* L.*)* Listen, Eleanor, there's a young man in there who looks like a Greek God, and says he owns the school, and wants to inspect it. *(*MISS HAYS *begins to smile at the idea.)* Ah, you wouldn't smile, my dear, if you had seen him. I tell you he's the kind of a young man who should never come into a girls' school. Why, he's *beautiful.*

MISS HAYS. *(Laughs)* Well, of course, Theodosia, that's very wrong of him, but if he owns the school, we can't very well keep him out, can we? *(Turns to go to* D.L.*)* I'll go and speak to him.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, no, no—— *(*MISS HAYS *turns to her.)* You can't do that, either. Because another terrible thing has happened.

MISS HAYS. Now, what has happened, Theodosia?

MISS CURTIS. He was brought here by your—by Mr. Johns.

MISS HAYS. By Homer?

MISS CURTIS. *(Distracted)* Yes, yes, of course, you can't see them. I'll have it to do. You had better go upstairs and lock yourself in your room—only tell me what to say——

MISS HAYS. Lock myself in my room? Nonsense! If Mr. Johns can bear seeing me, I think I can bear seeing him. I shall behave as if he were any other parent or guardian of the school. Nothing will annoy him more than that. *(Crosses* A. *to* R. *of desk* R., *removing gloves, etc.* MISS CURTIS *goes*

up C. *Looks off* D.L.) They want to inspect the school, do they? Very well, I'll take them over it.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Eleanor, I do think you're brave.

MISS HAYS. Will you please go and call them in, Theodosia?

MISS CURTIS. Yes—yes—I will. *(Starts for* D. *—turns to* MISS HAYS.*)* I'll bring your smelling salts, you'll need them. *(*MISS HAYS *smiles*—MISS CURTIS *goes to* D.L. *Calling off.)* Gentlemen, will you please come this way? *(As they appear.)* Miss Hays is here.

*(*AUSTIN *enters, comes to* C.—JOHNS *follows him into* L. *of* C. MISS HAYS *picks up paper on desk* R., *glances at it.* MISS CURTIS R. *of post* L.*)*

AUSTIN. Is this Miss Hays?

*(*MISS HAYS *looks only at* AUSTIN. *It is a shock to* JOHNS *to find her there.)*

MISS HAYS. How do you do, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN. *(Noticing that she pays no attention to* JOHNS*)* I believe you have met Mr. Johns?

MISS HAYS. *(Perfectly civil)* Not for some years. *(She tears the paper* MISS CURTIS *has put on desk* R., *drops the pieces in waste-paper basket in front of desk—looks at* JOHNS.*)* You have taken on weight since last we met, Mr. Johns—— *(*JOHNS *buttons his coat.)* Now, Mr. Bevans, I understand you want to inspect the school. I am at your disposal. What would you like to see first?

AUSTIN. *(*R.C.*)* I would like to look at the little cottage where my aunt——

JOHNS. *(*L.C., *interrupting)* Before you start on

your tour of inspection, might I have a word with you in private, Miss Hays?

*(*AUSTIN *turns up* R.C. *to piano.)*

MISS HAYS. *(Calmly surprised)* I'm afraid not, Mr. Johns. But if you have anything to say about Elise, Miss Curtis is disengaged, I think.

MISS CURTIS. *(Standing at post* L.C. *Very obliging, comes down* R. *of* JOHNS*)* Oh, yes, yes, of course—Elise, the dear child——

JOHNS. *(Ignores* MISS CURTIS*)* This isn't about Elise. *(*MISS CURTIS *shudders, goes to sofa* L.*)* It's about the school—the general welfare of the school.

MISS HAYS. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* Write us a letter about it, Mr. Johns, and I'm sure Miss Curtis will send you a prompt answer.

MISS CURTIS. *(Obliging)* Yes, yes, of course.

*(*MISS CURTIS *crosses to* L. *of desk* L. JOHNS, *in a temper, goes up*—L.C.*)*

MISS HAYS. *(Crossing* F.—L. *of sofa* R.*)* And now, Mr. Bevans—— *(*AUSTIN *comes down*—R. *of* C.L. *of* MISS HAYS*)* You were saying you wanted to see your aunt's cottage?

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* MISS HAYS*)* Yes, I'd like to know how soon I can move in.

MISS HAYS. *(Startled for the first time)* Move in? You don't intend to live there?

AUSTIN. I certainly do. I'd like to see that first and then the other buildings—and then the books——

MISS CURTIS. *(Flustered. Picks up ledger, holds it in her arms)* Oh! Oh, yes—yes—the books—*(The books)*—I'm so sorry, Mr. Bevans, but you see the books are not quite in order. *(*JOHNS *and* AUS-

TIN *exchange glances.)* You see I'm not an accountant.

AUSTIN. *(*JOHNS *at* R. *of post* L.C.*)* It's of no consequence, Miss Curtis, my lawyer will be here in a few minutes with an expert accountant.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Eleanor, isn't that nice, we are to have an expert account—*(Catches* JOHNS' *eye, as he is glancing at her.)*—ant. *(Replaces ledgers on desk* L.*)*

AUSTIN. And now, Miss Hayes, if there are any special problems of the school that you would like to bring to me, I should be delighted to take them up with you.

MISS HAYS. *(*R.C.*)* One moment, Mr. Bevans, you don't mean that you intend personally to have anything to do with the management of this school?

AUSTIN. *(*R. *of* C.*)* I certainly do—with the organization, the finances, and the general scheme. You see, Miss Hays, I have some very decided views on the subject of the education of girls. I think that girls——

JOHNS. *(*F. *of post* L.C.—*comes down* L. *of* AUSTIN*)* I believe that I could explain Mr. Bevan's views to you—if you would let Miss Curtis show him over the buildings.

MISS HAYS. *(Crossing to* R. *of* JOHNS*)* Thank you, I prefer to hear them from Mr. Bevans, himself. He can tell me as we go. *(Going up* D.U.L.C. MISS CURTIS *rises.)*

AUSTIN. *(Joining* MISS HAYS—*on her* R.*)* Certainly. You see, Miss Hays, my idea is that girls should be educated to be charming—— *(Both exit* D.U.L.C.*)*

MISS HAYS. To be what?

AUSTIN. Educated to be charming—— *(Exit both.)*

JOHNS. *(*L. *of post* L.C.—*to* MISS CURTIS. MISS

CURTIS *goes to him* U.L. *of desk* L.) Well, I suppose we might as well tag along——?

MISS CURTIS. *(Goes to his* L.*)* Oh, yes, I own I am interested to hear Mr. Bevans' views on education. *(Starts for door—*JOHNS *stops her.)*

*(*SALLY *is seen peeking through door* R.—MURIEL *and the other* GIRLS *are behind her.)*

JOHNS. Oh, I can tell you—he wants girls educated to be charming.

MISS CURTIS. Charming—that would be original. But how?

JOHNS. *(Going up to* D.U.L.C.*)* I don't know, but I suppose you can knock anything into their stupid little heads if you try hard enough. The idea is that—— *(They go out, talking,* D.U.L.C.*)*

*(*SALLY *runs up to door, followed by* MURIEL, *they look off after them, the other* GIRLS *run in, look at each other—ad lib.* ETHEL *sits on sofa* R.—LILLIAN *goes to sofa* L., *sits—*ALIX *goes* R. *of desk* R.—MADGE *goes above desk* R.*)*

MURIEL. *(Turning to* GIRLS*)* Did you ever hear anything like that? *(Runs back to* R.C.*)*

SALLY. *(Disapprovingly, at* D.U.L.C. *Looking off)* So that's him, is it?

MURIEL. *(Calling off door* R.*)* Elise, Elise, come here! Something awful has happened.

(Enter ELISE *door* R.*)*

ELISE. *(To* L. *of sofa* R.*)* What is it?

*(*LILLIAN *rises—to* R. *of* C.*)*

MURIEL. *(*L. *of* ELISE*)* Mr. Bevans has come, and he's perfectly horrid.

ELISE. What's he like?

MURIEL. Oh, he's old and he looks cross——

SALLY. And he's as big as a red barn. *(Coming down* L. *of* MURIEL. LILLIAN *sits, sofa* L.*)*

MURIEL. And he wants us educated to be charming.

ELISE. He doesn't think us charming already?

ALIX. *(*R. *of desk* R.—*ad lib. French)* Charmant. Charmant, comment charment.

ETHEL. *(Sitting on sofa* R.*)* How's he going to do that, I should like to know.

MURIEL. *(*R. *of* C.*)* He doesn't know—but he says he can knock it into our stupid little heads——

ELISE. What! Knock—— I don't like the sound of that at all.

SALLY. *(*L. *of* MURIEL*)* I think that's simply insulting—what's an old feller like that know about being charming?

ELISE. Girls, I think we will teach that old man a lesson.

ETHEL. *(*MADGE R. *of* ELISE*)* But what shall we do, Elise?

ELISE. *(Crossing* R.C.*)* Let's see! What can we do. *(Very determined.)* We'll strike.

GIRLS. Yes, yes. Strike!

ALIX. What is strike?

ELISE. *(*L.C.*)* Every member of the senior class will simply return to her home.

SALLY. That's all very well—but our parents would send us right straight back again.

ELISE. *(To* SALLY—MURIEL *to sofa* R. MADGE A.D.R.*)* No, they wouldn't, Sally Boyd, not when we told them a horrid, cross old man was trying to teach us charm. My uncle wouldn't stand that for a minute.

MURIEL. I think we'd better put it to a vote.

ELISE. That's a good idea. *(*X. *to* L. *of* D.S.*)*

GIRLS. *(Ad lib.)* Yes, yes, etc. *(*GIRLS *very noisy—ad lib.)*

*(*MURIEL *and* ETHEL *draw the piano bench forward to* C.*—then sit on it.* MURIEL *on* F. *end.* LILLIAN *is sitting on sofa* L. ALIX *sits on lower end of sofa* R. MADGE *sits upper end of sofa* R. SALLY *sits up end of sofa* L.*)*

SALLY. *(Kicking* LILLIAN *off sofa* L.*)* Off my sofa, woman—off my sofa.

*(*LILLIAN *sits on bench.* ELISE *seats herself with dignity and raps with paper knife, on desk* L.*)*

ELISE. Order—order—order——

SALLY. *(Lounging on sofa* L.*)* Oh! Shush yourself——

ELISE. *(To* SALLY*)* I won't shush. You shush when I tell you to shush. Now shush. Sally, take your feet off the sofa, and read the minutes of the last meeting.

SALLY. *(Coming to life)* Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Elise, I lost 'em.

ELISE. You lost the class records?

SALLY. Yep.

ELISE. Sally, what did you do with them?

SALLY. Well, I think I cleaned my shoes with them, but I'm not sure. Now, Elise, we didn't do anything at the last meeting that amounted to much anyway. I move——

ELISE. *(Interrupting)* Kindly rise when you address the chair, Miss Boyd.

SALLY. *(Rising reluctantly)* I move that—we dispense with the reading of the minutes. *(Sits again.)*

MURIEL. *(Rises)* Second the motion.

GIRLS. *(To* MURIEL*)* Sit down! *(*MURIEL *sits.)*

ELISE. You have heard the motion—all in favor——

SALLY. Let's——

GIRLS. *(Ad lib.)* Aye.

ELISE. Contrary. It is carried. Treasurer's report?

GIRLS. *(To* MURIEL*)* You're the treasurer—get up—etc.

MURIEL. *(Rises)* I'm not the treasurer.

*(*LILLIAN *slides down to* R. *end of bench as* MURIEL *rises.)*

SALLY. Sure you are, Muriel.

MURIEL. Oh, am I? *(Steps forward* L.C.*)* Well, we haven't any money.

ELISE. Absolutely none, Muriel?

MURIEL. Where would we get any from?

ELISE. Very well. If there is no objection I will accept the treasurer's report as read. *(*MURIEL *goes to upper end of bench)* Now the object of this meeting?—Oh, I forgot—— *(Officially)* Is there any unfinished business to come before the meeting?

ETHEL. *(Sitting* U. *end of bench)* I don't even know what that is.

*(*ELISE *raps on desk for order, then raps* SALLY *on head for laughing.)*

ELISE. If not we will take up the question for which the meeting was called. Girls, shall we all go home?

GIRLS. *(Ad lib.)* Oh, yes, sure. Yes—yes, etc.

SALLY. Yes-s-s.

MURIEL. *(To* L.C.*)* I don't mean to stay here.

ELISE. *(Rapping on desk)* Oh, girls, do be more parliamentary. You're such a bad example to the younger class meetings. Will someone please make a motion?

MURIEL. *(Crosses* F. *toward* R.*)* I move we go.

ELISE. Any discussion? *(*MURIEL, *as she is crossing* R., *gestures—"I'm going anyway.")* If not, are you ready—— *(*SALLY *gets up.)* Oh, gee-whiz, Sally, are you going to make a speech?

SALLY. Yes, I am.

*(*LILLIAN *swings around on the bench, facing* R. GIRLS *ad lib.)*

ETHEL. Oh, Elise, don't let Sally make a speech.

ELISE. She has a perfect right to if she wants to. What is it, Miss Boyd?

*(*SALLY *bows to* ELISE*—clenches her hands, makes grimace at* ETHEL. ELISE *raps on desk.* SALLY *stands* L.C.*—gestures—spread-eagle style.)*

SALLY. Well, I think this, that we must really stick together—not back down, you know. If we decide to leave—and, of course, that's what we're going to decide—we must stick to it whatever happens. We must make our parents and teachers and this old fellow who's coming, feel that our decision is ir-re-*voc*-able.

MURIEL. *(Stands* F. *of desk* R.*)* Hear, hear, ir-re-*voc*-able.

SALLY. We are like that man in American History who said: "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately."

MURIEL. *(*R.C.*)* Question.

GIRLS. Question—question!

ELISE. Ready for the question? It has been

moved and seconded—was it seconded?—oh, yes,—that we all leave this afternoon—all those in fa——

GIRLS. *(Ad lib.)* Aye—aye——

SALLY. Oh, you'd better put that in about it's being ir-re-*voc*-able.

ELISE. Oh, yes, and that our decision in the matter is ir-re-*voc*-able.

*(*MISS HAYS *enters,* D.U.L.C, *with a gesture of irritation, on seeing the* GIRLS.*)*

MISS HAYS. *(Comes down* R. *of* SALLY*)* What is this? A senior meeting?

(The GIRLS *all rise as they see* MISS HAYS, LILLIAN R.C.—MADGE *at sofa* R.—MURIEL F. *of desk* R. —ALIX F. *of sofa* R.*)*

ETHEL. *(*R. *of* MISS HAYS*)* When did you get back, Miss Hays?

MISS HAYS. *(Taking a very large comb out of* ETHEL'S *hair, takes it off stage when she goes)* Oh, Ethel, Ethel—— *(*ETHEL *attempts to recover it.)*

ELISE. *(*F. *of* D.L.—*with dignity)* Miss Hays, we have just reached an important decision.

SALLY. Yes, Miss Hays, and it's ir-re-voc-able.

MISS HAYS. Oh, Sally, Sally—that word is pronounced irrevocable. *(Crosses to sofa* L.—SALLY L. *of* C.*)*

ELISE. We shouldn't have reached it, Miss Hays, if you had been left in charge, but we understand that Mr. Bevans has arrived——

SALLY. *(To* R. *of* MISS HAYS*)* And that he's going to teach us to be charming.

MISS HAYS. How did you hear that?

SALLY. *(Pompously)* As the say is: "Ill news travels fast."

MISS HAYS. *(Pleased)* And you girls don't approve of that method of education?

OMNES. Certainly not!

*(*ETHEL *kneels on upper end of bench.)*

ELISE. No, indeed, Miss Hays. We mean to strike—we mean to go home.

MISS HAYS. *(As usual, calm)* To go home! Well, girls, I think you had better tell that to Mr. Bevans himself. *(The* OTHERS *rather shrink at this, but* ELISE *is undaunted.)*

*(*SALLY—LILLIAN—ETHEL *join the other girls—they group at and below sofa* R.*)*

ELISE. *(*F. *of sofa* L.*)* I ask nothing better.

(The GIRLS *talk it over, do not see* AUSTIN *at first as he enters. "I'll tell him," etc.* MISS HAYS *goes toward door,* U.L.C., *and calls to* MR. BEVANS.*)*

MISS HAYS. Will you come here a moment, please? *(*AUSTIN *enters.* MISS HAYS *is between him and the* GIRLS. AUSTIN *is followed by* MISS CURTIS. *She now plainly worships him. She goes to* L. *of desk* L. MISS HAYS R. *of post* L.C.*)* Mr. Bevans, you said just now that if any little problem arose in the school——

(PHONE.)

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of post* L.C. *Very bland)* Yes, I remember.

*(*ELISE *turns to* AUSTIN.*)*

MISS HAYS. A little problem has arisen. In fact, the senior class has decided to go home in a body.

AUSTIN. Why?

MISS HAYS. They will tell you themselves. Girls?

GIRLS. *(Turning to her)* Yes, Miss Hays.

MISS HAYS. This is Mr. Bevans!

(The GIRLS *give various cries.)*

SALLY. Ye Gods!

ALIX. *(*F. *of sofa* R.*)* Oh, la, la!

*(*OTHERS *ad lib, except* ELISE, *who throughout the scene stands silently devouring* AUSTIN *with her eyes.* AUSTIN *has a moment of weakness.)*

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* MISS HAYS*)* Oh, don't you think for the present, Miss Hays, it would be better if you dealt with this sort of thing?

MISS HAYS. *(*C.4*)* No, indeed. This is essentially a problem for the head of the school. It is not easy to be the head of a school, Mr. Bevans. *(She moves towards the staircase.)*

AUSTIN. *(Starts toward her)* But you're not going to leave me, are you?

MISS HAYS. *(*L. *of staircase)* I'm sure you are quite competent to deal with your own problems your own way. *(Phone. She goes upstairs smiling.)*

*(*ELISE *slowly goes to* AUSTIN'S L. *entrance.* ETHEL *comes to his* R.*—simpering. The other* GIRLS *move up* R.C. *toward him. The telephone rings on desk* L. MISS CURTIS *answers it.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(In 'phone)* Who—oh—it's for you, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. *(Looks from* ETHEL *to* ELISE, *not quite sure of himself. While the* GIRLS *all watch him in-*

See pages 74-75

tently. To ELISE—*recognizes her as the girl he met yesterday)* How do you do. *(Crosses to above desk* L.—*takes phone.* ELISE *goes to* F. *of post* L.C.*)*

ELISE. *(Thinks to herself—not spoken)* "That is the man I saw yesterday." *(She stands silent, watches his every move, lips parted—she hardly breathes. The* GIRLS *hurry to positions and listen eagerly.)*

AUSTIN. *(At phone—puts his hat on, corrects himself, puts hat on upper end of desk* L.*)* Oh, hullo—— *(*ELISE *is leaning against post* L.C. MURIEL *goes to piano.* ETHEL *goes to* P.B.—*sits.* SALLY *stands* R.C.I. ALIX *sits on sofa* R.—MADGE *stands* F. *of desk* R.—LILLIAN *stands* R. *of* MURIEL *at piano.)* Is that you, George?—Where are you? At the station? Good. What's the matter with the school bus? Oh, go to thunder. Use your legs! I say, walk—yes, walk. *(Listens a moment in phone, his expression changes to one of disapproval—shakes his head, at phone. He hangs up receiver.)* My lawyer and my accountant will be here at once.

MISS CURTIS. *(Standing* L. *of desk* L.—*below* AUSTIN*)* Oh, isn't that a comfort?

SALLY. *(Turns to* MADGE—*sotto voce)* More men!

AUSTIN. *(To* L. *of desk—turns to the* GIRLS—*picks up paper knife)* Now, young ladies.

GIRLS. *(Very eagerly)* Yes, sir.

AUSTIN. *(Taps on desk with paper knife, "attention")* What was it you wished to say? You are all leaving, is that it? *(Looks at* MURIEL.*)* Come here——

ETHEL. *(Is sitting on* P. *bench—She leans forward—"smitten at first sight." Simpers)* Me-e?

AUSTIN. *(To* MISS CURTIS*)* What do I call them?

MISS CURTIS. *I* call them by their first names.

AUSTIN. *(Finally indicating* MURIEL*—who is standing* R. *of piano)* What's that one's name?

MISS CURTIS. That is Muriel Doughty.

AUSTIN. *(Sitting* L. *of desk* L.*)* Come here, Muriel. *(*MURIEL *goes to* L.C.—SALLY *sits* R.B. ETHEL *turns, facing* L.*)* Muriel, why are you leaving?

MURIEL. *(*R. *of* U.E. *of sofa* L.*)* Leaving! *(Looks at* GIRLS*—undecided)* Oh—I did intend to leave, Mr. Bevans—but I've decided to stay.

AUSTIN. *(Very serious)* Why did you change your mind?

MURIEL. *(Opens her mouth with no answer coming. She pulls herself together and becomes very glib.)* Oh, I didn't think I was being perfectly truthful with my parents in not letting them know that the school wasn't being perfectly well managed—but I didn't think of my duty to my school—my school at which I have been so long—and which has taught me all I know——

SALLY. *(Rises—to* MURIEL*)* Not such a heap, after all, Muriel.

AUSTIN. *(Rises—taps on desk. To* SALLY*)* Just a moment, young lady.

*(*ALIX *goes to* R.*, stands above* ETHEL—SALLY *sits—* R. *end of* R.B. AUSTIN *sits again.)*

MURIEL. *(To* SALLY*)* I do believe in being loyal. *(To* AUSTIN.*)*—And so I have decided to stay. Loyalty is so important.

*(*AUSTIN *motions her away by a wave of his hand.* MURIEL *goes* L. *of* LILLIAN *front of piano.)*

AUSTIN. *(Indicating* ALIX*)* And this young lady?

MISS CURTIS. This is Alix.

AUSTIN. *(To* ALIX*)* Alix. *(*ALIX *comes to* U.R. *of sofa* L.*—curtsies.* AUSTIN *starts to rise—but recovers himself.)* You are leaving us?

ALIX. *(Unable to express herself in English)* Yes, sir! No, sir! I did, I mean, I was, I had, I mean—I——

MISS CURTIS. *(Tapping a chair with pencil)* Parlez Français, Alix.

ALIX. *(In very rapid French gestures)* Enfin oui monsieur le proffesseur, il est vrai javais l' intention de quitter l'e'cole mais après y avoir re'fle chi, jai change' d' avis. Bien zut.

*(*AUSTIN *doesn't understand a word.)*

MISS CURTIS. Of course, you understand French, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN. Was that French?

SALLY. *(Stepping forward)* Sit down, Alix, he doesn't get you—— *(*AUSTIN *rises, taps on desk.* ALIX *sits* P.B.U. *end.)* Mr. Bevans!

MISS CURTIS. This is Sally Boyd.

AUSTIN. George Boyd's sister.

SALLY. How do you do?

AUSTIN. *(Freezes her—sits)* How do you do? —You are leaving us, Sally?

SALLY. *(Has recovered from the shock of seeing him)* Well, Mr. Bevans, I did think it was everyone's duty to keep in good physical health. I have been brought up by my parents to believe that.

AUSTIN. You look as if you had acted on your belief, Sally.

SALLY. And when I found I wasn't getting enough to support life I thought it was my duty to go home. But on thinking it over—— *(She stops.)*

AUSTIN. Yes, on thinking it over?

SALLY. *(Pompously—gestures)* I see, Mr. Bevans, that the mind is more important than the body, and that if my mind is fed, I shall be quite content here.

AUSTIN. Your mind needs to be fed, Sally—forcibly fed—*(Motions her away.)*—meat. *(*ETHEL *rises.* SALLY *goes to piano.* ELISE *looks at her a moment, then indicates* ETHEL.*)* And this young lady?

MISS CURTIS. This is Ethel——

(As ETHEL *rises and goes to* L.C.—LILLIAN *sits on* P.B. MURIEL *goes to sofa* R.*)*

AUSTIN. Ethel——

ETHEL. *(Simpering—and ready to cry for effect—wringing her hands)* Oh, I—I thought I couldn't stay—I loved your dear aunt so much—that when—she died—— *(Kneels on sofa and gradually leans toward* AUSTIN.*)* But now I see that the best way of paying tribute to her dear memory is to stay on and do the best I can for the school. *(As she leans forward,* AUSTIN *moves his hat, so she will not crush it, placing it on lower end of desk* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Affected)* Oh, isn't that a beautiful thought?

AUSTIN. *(To* MISS CURTIS*)* There is great power of invention in the senior class, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(Shocked)* I know you don't mean it, but I fear you are giving the girls the impression that you don't quite believe what they say—— *(*ETHEL *rises, goes to* R. *of* ELISE. MISS CURTIS *going up back of* AUSTIN *to* L. *of post* L.C.*)* Shall I—shall I dismiss them to their study now?

AUSTIN. *(Rises)* No, I want to say a word to them first—— *(Takes off his coat, lays it on* L.U.E.

of sofa L.—*Looks at* ELISE—*goes* L. *of desk* L.) Young ladies——

GIRLS. *(Very quickly and eagerly)* Yes, sir!

*(*ELISE *is at post* L.C. MISS CURTIS *at* L. *of post* L.C.—ETHEL *between* ELISE *and* SALLY—SALLY A.P.B.—ALIX *sitting*—P.B.—*lower end.*—MURIEL R.P.B. LILLIAN *sitting* P.B.—MADGE R.C.I.R.—AUSTIN *stands* L. *of desk* L.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Taps quickly on desk "Attention." As he speaks he puts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest)* Let me give you a piece of advice that you will find very useful in future life. When you want people to believe anything that isn't true, don't be too terribly sincere about it, and above all don't be so infernally glib. *(Looks down, sees where his hands are and corrects his position.)* Everyone of you ought to take a course in listening to an office-boy trying to get away to a baseball game. There's a look of almost divine innocence that comes over his face—it's been on everyone of your faces for the last ten minutes.

MURIEL. *(Standing* R.C.L.—*with a look of innocence)* Mr. Bevans, I hope you don't mean that you don't believe us?

AUSTIN. Muriel, thank Heavens, I have some common sense, and I know quite well that there isn't a word of truth—not one—in all you have been saying.

MURIEL. Oh, Mr. Bevans!

AUSTIN. *(Tapping on desk)* Muriel! I don't know what you have really been up to—why you wanted to go—or why you mean to stay. But it's all right. You're going to stay. That will be all, Miss Curtis.

*(*ETHEL *moves toward* AUSTIN, *who quickly re-*

moves hat from top of desk. GIRLS *ad lib, smother "Oh!")*

MISS CURTIS. Come, girls. *(*MISS CURTIS *sends them out door* R.*—closing the door.* ELISE *does not go off with the girls but holds her position at the post.—She has never once removed her eyes from* AUSTIN, *standing as though in a trance.* AUSTIN *takes up his coat and hat—looks at* ELISE, *turns toward door* L.—MISS CURTIS *re-enters—sees that* ELISE *is watching* AUSTIN *closely.* MISS CURTIS *goes to* ELISE, *touches her arm.)* Elise, my dear! *(*ELISE *starts as though waking up.* MISS CURTIS *motions her to go with other* GIRLS. ELISE *crosses quickly to door* R.*—eyes still on* AUSTIN.*)* Oh, Mr. Bevans—— *(*AUSTIN *replaces the hat and coat on the sofa and comes down* L.C. MISS CURTIS *is* L. *of* P.B. ELISE, *as soon as* MISS CURTIS'S *back is turned, slips up the stairs, hides out of sight until* MISS CURTIS'S *exit.)* I'm so sorry to bother you, so soon, but would you mind seeing Sally and Muriel—they are so distressed—poor dears. You see, they feel you don't quite believe what they said, and they want to explain——

AUSTIN. *(*R. *of sofa* L.*)* No, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(*L. *of* P. *bench—Surprised)* No? But they only want to explain.

AUSTIN. They're great little explainers. I must make it a point never to see the girls individually. All such matters I leave to you and Miss Hays.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, how right you are, how right you are.—They will be terribly dis— *(As she turns to go* R. *she stumbles over the piano bench in her confusion, crossing* F. *to door* R.*)*—tressed—poor dears, but I'll tell them—— *(She goes off, shaking her head, murmuring at door* R., *turns to him.)* How right you are!——

*(*AUSTIN *goes to sofa* L.*—picks up hat and coat, goes toward door* L. *Looks after* MISS CURTIS. *"Rather a peculiar person." As soon as* MISS CURTIS *is gone,* ELISE, *who has been hiding upstairs, comes down.)*

ELISE. *(*F. *of post* L.C.*)* Mr. Bevans, may I speak to you?

AUSTIN. *(Coming back, to above sofa)* No! *(Turns toward door* L.*)*

ELISE. I beg your pardon, sir, but did you say, did you say, No?

AUSTIN. Yes.

ELISE. Just for a moment, please?

AUSTIN. *(Comes to above desk* L.*)* Anything you have to say to me can be said to Miss Hays—or your parents.

ELISE. *(Goes to* L. *of post* L.C.*)* But, sir,—I haven't any parents. I'm an orphan.

AUSTIN. *(To* L. *of post* L.C.*)* So am I.

ELISE. Isn't that strange? That we should both be orphans? It's terribly lonely sometimes, being an orphan, isn't it?

AUSTIN. *(Lays coat and hat on sofa—goes to* L. *of desk)* What was it you wished to speak to me about, Miss Benedotti?

ELISE. *(Hurt)* Oh! Mr. Bevans. *(Kneels on sofa* L.*)*

AUSTIN. What's the matter?

ELISE. You called Ethel and Muriel and Sally by their first names.

AUSTIN. *(With his hand on the desk, leans slightly forward. Convicted of making a difference)* Yes, I know—but I seem to have forgotten what your first name is.

ELISE. *(Kneeling on sofa* L., *leans forward)* Elise.

AUSTIN. Oh——

ELISE. Won't you please say it for me?

AUSTIN. *(Softly)* Elise.

ELISE. Oh, thank you, sir. Isn't it a pretty name? I never knew how nice it was before.

AUSTIN. *(Severely; sits)* Elise, what was it you wished to speak to me about?

ELISE. *(As she is about to sit on upper arm of the sofa, she feels* AUSTIN'S *hat under her. She takes it up and holds it in her arms while she speaks, sitting on arm)* Oh!

AUSTIN. I should have worn a cap.

ELISE. I'm so sorry—— Oh! This. The reason I changed my mind about staying at school.

AUSTIN. *(L. of desk)* You had made up your mind to go, too?

ELISE. Yes—but I changed it——

AUSTIN. Because you thought it more loyal, or because you found the mind was more important than the body—or because you wished to pay a tribute to my dear aunt's memory.

ELISE. *(Solemnly)* No, sir—because you're here.

AUSTIN. *(Trying to be a schoolmaster)* My dear child, you must learn not to be quite so personal in your judgments. This school is a good school whether I'm here or not.

ELISE. Yes, I know, sir, but I only wanted to stay after you came.

AUSTIN. Well, it wasn't necessary for you to come here and tell me that.

ELISE. Oh, yes, it was—I didn't want you to think I was making up stories like Muriel and Sally—I wanted to tell you the truth. *(*MISS CURTIS *enters door* R. *in time to hear the last words, carrying three composition books.)* You mustn't scold me for that.

See page 75

*(*Miss Curtis *goes to* R. *of desk* R., *lays books down there which she has brought in.)*

Miss Curtis. Scold you! *(Crossing to* Elise, *places her arm about her.)* Why, Mr. Bevans, this is Elise Benedotti, one of our dearest girls. I'm sure there's nothing you need scold her for unless perhaps it is her hand——

Austin. Her hand—what's the matter with it?

Miss Curtis. Her handwriting, I mean. It is not always legible, so her writing teacher reports. And her punctuation and spelling are not all they ought to be.

Austin. I'm sorry to hear it. I want every one of my girls to write a legible, correct note. I tell you what you do—— *(*Elise *hurries to sofa* L., *kneels.)* You write a note to Miss Curtis, every day from now till the end of the term and she'll correct it and return it to you.

Miss Curtis. *(*R. *of* Elise, *horrified)* Oh, no, not to me, please, Mr. Bevans. You see, I'm only the school secretary, and I'm not very accurate myself.

Elise. *(*L. *of* P.B.*)* Oh, no, I wrote a note once to Miss Curtis, and I spelt hope, h-o-p, and she never noticed it. Did you, Miss Curtis?

Miss Curtis. *(Laughs, confused)* No-o!

Austin. She was too kind-hearted to mention it probably—— *(*Miss Curtis—*happy that* Austin *speaks so nicely of her—smiles, self-consciously, places her hand to her face. "She must be blushing" and crosses—bench bus.—*F. *to* R. *of desk* R.—*sits.)* Write to Miss Hays, then. *(Goes above desk to pick up hat and coat.)*

Elise. *(Goes to him)* Mr. Bevans, you—you wouldn't be too kind-hearted, would you, sir?

Austin. I?

ELISE. *(E. of post)* I mean if I wrote those notes to you—instead of Miss Hays—you would be much severer than Miss Hays, and I'm sure I should learn a great deal more if I wrote them to you.

AUSTIN. To me?

ELISE. Would it be too much bother?

AUSTIN. It wouldn't be any bother at all. *(Correcting himself.)* I mean—I'm thinking what would do you most good.

ELISE. *(L. of post)* It would do me most good to write to you.

AUSTIN. Write to me, then.

ELISE. Oh, thank you, sir.

AUSTIN. *(Takes up his coat and hat, after a pause in a more severe manner)* And I will correct your notes and return them to you. *(Turns toward door L.)*

ELISE. *(Moving toward R.C.)* Oh, thank you, sir, thank you, so much. *(Comes back.)* Oh, Mr. Bevans, but what shall I write about?

AUSTIN. *(Turns, comes to L. of post)* Anything you're thinking about.

ELISE. *(F. of post L.C.)* Or any person?

AUSTIN. *(L. of ELISE)* Or any person.

ELISE. *(F. of post)* Even if it were always—the—same—person?

MISS CURTIS. *(Busy working on her books)* Why, Elise, you wouldn't always be thinking about the same person, would you?

ELISE. Oh, yes, I would.

(As they stand looking at each other, MISS HAYS *enters—down the stairs* R.*)*

MISS HAYS. *(Coming to C.)* Well, Mr. Bevans, have you solved your little problem?

AUSTIN. *(Who has forgotten all about it)*

What? Oh—— *(Lays coat and hat on* U.E. *of sofa—comes down to* L. *of desk.)* The senior strike? Oh, yes, there was nothing to that.

*(*Miss Hays *looks disappointed, catches* Elise's *eye. Motions her to go upstairs.* Elise, *guilty—caught talking to* Mr. Bevans, *catches* Austin's *eye—crosses* A.*—Exit* R.U.*—the stairs—* Miss Hays *watches her off.)*

Miss Curtis. *(Rises—goes to* R. *of* P.B.*)* Oh, Eleanor, I wish you could have heard Mr. Bevans. The moment he spoke to the girls they realized how wrong they were. Even Muriel felt she had been disloyal to the school. She spoke so beautifully, with tears in her voice.

Miss Hays. *(*L. *of* P.B. *Disgusted)* You mean, they all backed down?

Miss Curtis. At once—oh, they were a little afraid of Mr. Bevans—say what you will.

Austin. *(Crossing slowly to* L. *of bench)* I understand you're not much of a believer in men, Miss Hays.

Miss Hays. *(*L. *of* P. *bench)* I'm not a blind admirer of your sex, Mr. Bevans.

Miss Curtis. *(*R. *of* P. *bench)* But I do think that girls will listen to a man sometimes when they wouldn't listen to another woman.

Austin. *(*L. *of* Miss Hays*)* Exactly. Those are the very ideas on which our new plans were founded.

Miss Hays. Our plans? *Your* plans, Mr. Bevans.

Austin. Do you mean that you are not in sympathy with my ideas of education?

Miss Hays. The idea that girls should be taught to be charming? Certainly not. *(Crossing to* R.

of desk R. MISS CURTIS *goes to* F. *of piano.)* They think too much about it already. In fact, Mr. Bevans, I may as well be quite frank with you, I don't approve of your presence here at all.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Eleanor—*(*L. *of post* R.*)*—Please don't say that.

MISS HAYS. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* I believe it will ruin the school, and if you will take that statement as my resignation, why——

AUSTIN. No, I won't. *(Crossing to* R.C.*)* I don't want you to resign. Mr. Johns and I are fully agreed that you should remain—as second in command.

MISS HAYS. Mr. Johns? Was this all Mr. Johns' plan?

AUSTIN. *(Trying to be flattering)* Mr. Johns thinks very highly of you, Miss Hays.

MISS HAYS. *(Looks at him)* Really?

AUSTIN. As an educator.

MISS HAYS. Oh, does he, indeed?

JOHNS. *(Voice heard outside door* L.*—he enters, shouting, comes down* L. *of* P.B. MISS CURTIS *starts to post* R.C.*)* Well—how much longer am I to be kept kicking my heels in there? Come on, Bevans—*(*AUSTIN *crosses* A.*—picks up his coat and hat—puts on the coat—goes down* L. *of desk* L. *to* F.*)*—I want to be getting back to town. *(He suddenly thinks he'll try it once more with* MISS HAYS.*)* Oh, Miss Hays, before I go, could I have just a word with you about the general policy of the school?

MISS HAYS. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* I have nothing to do with the general policy of the school, Mr. Johns, I am only second in command.

JOHNS. *(Crossing to sofa* R.*)* If you would just let me say a word to you in private——

*(*MISS CURTIS *starts upstairs.)*

MISS HAYS. Theodosia! Don't go—— *(*MISS CURTIS *stops. To* JOHNS, *sarcastically indicating* AUSTIN.*)* Say it to the gentleman you have selected for the head of this school.

JOHNS. But that's just it, you don't understand!

*(*MISS HAYS *turns from him. Enter* GEORGE D.U.L.C. *—wearing an overcoat—*JOHNS *turns up* R.C.*)*

GEORGE. *(Comes down* R. *of* AUSTIN—L.C.*)* Austin, have you known how far it is from here to the station?

AUSTIN. Miss Hays, this is my head bookkeeper, Mr. Boyd, and Miss Curtis.

*(*ELISE *enters—down the stairs* R. *Crosses above* JOHNS *to his* L.*)*

GEORGE. *(Bowing to them)* How do you do?

*(*MISS CURTIS *comes down* R.C., *bows to him.)*

MISS HAYS. How do you do?

MISS CURTIS. *(Turns to* MISS HAYS*)* A bookkeeper!

*(*DAVID *enters* D.U.L.C.*—wearing overcoat.* GEORGE *sees* ELISE *and hurries to her, shakes hands.)*

DAVID. *(Coming down* R. *of* AUSTIN, *turns down trousers)* If I had known I had to climb a hillside I wouldn't have worn my Sunday clothes! *(Fixes trousers.)*

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of sofa* L.*)* My lawyer, Mr. MacKensie, Miss Hays, Miss Curtis. *(Turns, going* F. *of desk* L.*)*

DAVID. *(Bowing to them)* How do you do?

*(*MISS CURTIS *bows to him, goes above desk* R.*)*

MISS HAYS. How do you do?

*(*DAVID *goes to* JOHNS *and* ELISE *up* R. *of* C.—*Shakes hands with* JOHNS.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Turning, sees* GEORGE *and* ELISE *together)* George, George! I wish you would go over the books and draw off a trial balance! *(*TWINS *enter* D.U.L.C.—*wearing overcoats*—JIM R. *of* TIM. GEORGE *crosses* A. *to* L. *of desk* L. *Sits. To* TWINS.*)* Who told you to come?

JIM. *(Comes down* L.C.*)* Oh, Austin! Haven't you got a job for us?

TIM. *(Comes to above sofa* L.*)* We don't want to go back to Poughkeepsie!

(At this moment there is a repetition of the racket made by the furnace man. SALLY *rushes on—down the stairs—followed by* LILLIAN, ALIX, MADGE, *appearing at door* R.*)*

SALLY. Miss Hays, Miss Hays. *(*TWINS *turn, see* SALLY—*smile.)* The furnace man has come to and he's chasing the cook all over the laundry with a pitchfork!

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of desk* L.*)* There you are, Twins! *(*SALLY *turns, sees* TWINS, *smiles and goes slowly toward them.)* Go and rescue the cook! *(They do not hear him.)* Twins! *(They turn to him.)* The cook! *(They turn reluctantly from* SALLY, *go toward door* U.L.C.—*still looking at her*—TIM *slowly exits*—JIM *stays at* L. *of post* L.C.—*watching* SALLY. AUSTIN *follows them up* L.C.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Above desk* R.*)* Oh, Eleanor, isn't it a comfort to have a man in the house?

*(*AUSTIN *turns to* MISS CURTIS, *sees* ELISE *standing in front of him and above bench.)*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II: *Same as Scene One. Two weeks later. The* BOYS *are in* AUSTIN'S *office waiting for him. There is a gardenia on his desk.*

TIM *at piano playing softly,* GEORGE *looks at watch, then at door* L.*)*

DAVID. *(Sitting on sofa* R. *Rises, goes to* L. *of post* L.C., *glancing at watch)* I wonder what's keeping Austin?

GEORGE. *(Sitting sofa* L.*)* I have a class in ten minutes. *(Takes out a cigarette case.)*

DAVID. *(Coming to* C.2*)* George, no smoking in study hours. *(*GEORGE *puts it back.)* I've a lot of work on that history course of mine. *(*R. *of desk* R.—*sits.)*

GEORGE. History course! I thought you had given it up.

JIM. *(Leaning against* R. *of piano)* He give it up? Not much! It's the girls who are giving it up.

DAVID. The poor creatures are not accustomed to working their minds. They send a delegation to Austin every day to ask to be allowed to drop it. *(Goes to desk* R.*)*

JIM. That's funny, my dancing class is simply crowded. *(*DAVID *sits chair* R.*)* It's the personality of the instructor that really counts, David.

DAVID. You go to blazes——

JIM. David! David!

DAVID. Well, that's not language for a professor,

but the reason your class is more popular than mine is that girls would rather use their feet than their heads.

TIM. *(Boastfully—Crossing to desk* R.*)* Well, look at my special lectures—one hundred per cent attendance and last week when Tappe was lecturing on the philosophy of head gear there wasn't an empty seat——

DAVID. Aye—but many empty heads.

*(*MURIEL *and* ETHEL *enter, coming downstairs* R., *each carrying her history paper.)*

MURIEL. Good morning, Professor.

DAVID. Good morning, young ladies.

MURIEL. *(To* BOYS*)* Good morning.

BOYS. Good morning.

GEORGE. Good morning—— *(*DAVID *taps on desk.)*

MURIEL. My history paper, Professor.

DAVID. *(Taking paper)* Thank you.

MURIEL. You're quite welcome. *(Goes up and to door* R.—TIM *opens door—she exits.)* Thank you, Professor.

ETHEL. Good morning, Professor.

DAVID. Good morning——

ETHEL. *(To* BOYS*)* Good morning.

BOYS. Good morning.

GEORGE. Good morning. *(*ETHEL *hands paper to* DAVID.*)*

DAVID. Thank you.

ETHEL. It's a pleasure. *(Goes to door* R. TIM *opens door for her. She exits giggling.)*

TIM. Did you ever see girls so improved?

DAVID. Improved! Oh, my word.

GEORGE. All, except poor old Sally.

TIM. Oh, it would be a pity to change Sally.

GEORGE. Pity, why you couldn't do it.

TIM. What?

GEORGE. *(Rises)* Oh, well, Sally's all right, but she isn't much on looks——

TWINS. Not much on looks! *(*JIM *crosses to sofa* L.—TIM *sits at piano.)* Why, you poor fish——

GEORGE. You don't think her good-looking, do you?

TWINS. I certainly do. *(*JIM *sits sofa* L.*)*

GEORGE. Well, let me tell you, she's no heiress, but speaking of improvement, have you noticed Miss Curtis?

TIM. Did you ever see anything as alluring as Miss Curtis? Why, she has a new dress on—— *(*GEORGE *whistles, "Look Out, She's Coming.")*

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters* D.U.L.C.—*she is very tastefully dressed and her hair is quite beautifully done. She has a bunch of flowers in her hand.)*

MISS CURTIS. Good morning, Professors.

OMNES. Good morning, Miss Curtis—etc. *(*JIM *rises, goes to sofa* L. DAVID *half rises, tries to look at her around* GEORGE, *who is standing in between them.* MISS CURTIS *also tries to look at* DAVID.*)*

DAVID. Good morning, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. Good morning. *(*GEORGE *looks at* DAVID, *then moves up* C. *Comes down* L. *of desk* L. *—looks with disfavor at the gardenia.)* Does this gardenia belong to any of you gentlemen? *(*BOYS *shake their heads. Takes it out of its bowl—Crosses* A.—*and lays it on upper end of piano—*TIM *picks it up, shows it to* GEORGE *and places it on lower end of piano—*JIM *goes up toward* D.U.L.C.*)* It has such a heavy, disagreeable perfume, I always think. I'm sure Mr. Bevans can't like it.

GEORGE. *(Insinuatingly)* I notice it's there every morning.

MISS CURTIS. *(Crossing* A. *to* L. *of desk* L.*)* Yes, I always take it away—it must give him a headache. *(*JIM *to* R. *of post* L.C.*)*

GEORGE. He always brings it back.

MISS CURTIS. *(Sighing)* Yes, I believe he does.

GEORGE. *(Rises—more pointedly)* I wonder where it comes from. *(Goes above piano.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Tossing her head)* I haven't the least idea. Some silly girl, I suppose. *(Sits* L. *of desk—puts her own flowers in the bowl.* GEORGE *looks at* DAVID*—"I know"—goes up* C.*)*

DAVID. *(Half rising, looking around* GEORGE *who is* C.*)* Miss Curtis, could you tell us why Mr. Bevans has called us together this morning?

MISS CURTIS. I have no idea, Professor MacKenzie—I'm only his secretary, you know. He'll be here immediately.

JIM. *(Leaning against* F. *of post* L.C.*)* I bet it's a calldown for someone. I hope it's not me, this time.

GEORGE. *(Looks at wrist watch—going to sofa* L.*)* I don't think he has any right to keep us waiting like this.

MISS CURTIS. *(Pleadingly)* Ah, Professor Boyd, he has so much on his mind, so many calls on his time and attention, that really sometimes, I don't see how he gets through the day. Do you know he was up at six o'clock this morning, taking the furnace man to the priest to sign the pledge not to beat his wife any more—no one but Mr. Bevans could make him go. And then there were five parents here insisting on seeing him—parents are so inconsiderate, I always think——

JIM. *(*R. *of post* L.C.*)* You certainly said something that time.

MISS CURTIS. *(*GEORGE *to* L. *of piano. Crossing to* A. *desk with pad of the reports—places one on desk* R.*—Crosses* DAVID*)* And then the decorators and the carpenters, and I hope you won't mind my saying so, Professor MacKenzie, but a great deal of his time is wasted by delegations of pupils who want to drop your history class.

*(*AUSTIN *enters—door* L.*—goes to* L. *of desk* L.*)*

AUSTIN. I'm sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen. I wanted to get a report from the doctor. Miss Hays was afraid we had a scarlet fever case, but it turned out to be nothing but indigestion. *(Sits* L. *of desk* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Stands at sofa* R.*—Crosses to sofa* L.*)* Oh, wasn't that fortunate——

AUSTIN. That will be all, Miss Curtis.

*(*MISS CURTIS*, "crushed," crosses and exits door* R. TIM *goes slowly toward* R.U.*—*JIM *sits at piano, slowly hitting the same low key.* AUSTIN *sits down at desk, but his eye begins roving about, looking for gardenia. He sees it on the piano, he crosses* F.*, gets the gardenia—*TIM *stops striking the key—The* BOYS *all watch* AUSTIN *as he returns to his desk* L.*—placing the gardenia on the desk (he does not put it back in the bowl). The* BOYS *exchange knowing glances except* DAVID. GEORGE *makes up his mind to have an understanding with* AUSTIN*—starts toward him.)*

GEORGE. Say, look here——

DAVID. *(Rises quickly—seeing* GEORGE'S *intention—Crosses* F. *to above desk* L.*)* Austin. They are all trying to drop my history course. Now, it's

a splendid course. *(Going above sofa* L. TIM *goes down* R. *of* R. *desk.)*

AUSTIN. *(Sitting at desk* L.*)* It's a corker, Dave. I mean, it is an excellent course, and I won't let one of 'em drop it. *(Rises.)* Gentlemen, one of you has been taking a pupil to the movies. *(They all turn to him.)*

JIM *and* TIM. *(*JIM *comes down to* C.2—TIM *goes to* F. *of sofa* R.*)* I can explain it, Austin. *(To each other—*TIM *goes* R. *of* JIM.*)* What, did you take a girl to the movies?

AUSTIN. Explain it, then.

JIM. *(*L. *of* TIM*)* Well—I feel that the movies are one of the great modern methods of education, and when I found one of my pupils had never been to the movies—I——

GEORGE. *(Laughing—at* R. *of post* L.C.*)* Oh, go on, where would you find a girl nowadays that hadn't been to the movies?

AUSTIN. *(Reproving)* George——

JIM. I thought it was my duty to have her go——

TIM. *(Crossing to sofa* L.*)* I didn't think a clever girl like Sally ought to grow up——

JIM. Sally! Was Sally the girl you took to the movies?

GEORGE. *(With a shout—comes down—between them)* Sally, and did she tell you she'd never been? *(Laughs.)* Pretty good! She's been going regularly ever since she was born.

AUSTIN. I should think you fellows could see that it isn't square to me. It's so cheap to behave like that. That's just what everyone would say would happen—turn five men loose in a girl's school and they'd all be making love to the pupils——

DAVID. Not me, Austin. I swear it. *(*BOYS *look at* DAVID.*)*

AUSTIN. Oh, I know you didn't mean any harm,

but that sort of thing must not happen. And by Heaven, it sha'n't.

*(*DAVID *goes up* L.C.*)*

JIM. *(Crossing to sofa* L.—TIM *goes up to* R. *of post* L.C.—GEORGE *steps down* C.*)* Oh, very well, very well, but how about you yourself? How about these continual flowers on teacher's desk?

AUSTIN. These? Why, these are out of my own garden. Miss Curtis is kind enough to bring them in every——

JIM. Yes, but that gardenia is not out of your own garden and Miss Curtis doesn't bring that in every day.

AUSTIN. I don't know where that comes from.

JIM. You haven't happened to notice any of the pupils who wear gardenias?

AUSTIN. No. I don't notice that sort of thing.

JIM. *(Slamming his hand on desk)* Well, then, let me tell you——

AUSTIN. *(Rises)* Jim, you have more important jobs than to stand here gossipping about flowers. *(*JIM *turns angrily toward door* R. TIM *goes toward door* U.L.C.*)* Jim, there's a telegram from Lucille. *(*JIM *goes toward door* U.L.C.—GEORGE *starts toward door* R.*)* Wait, George. *(*GEORGE *comes down* R.C. *to front of sofa* R.*)*

TIM. *(As they exit door* U.L.C.*)* I didn't know you took Sally to the movies.

JIM. When did you take Sally to the movies?

*(*DAVID *starts to* X. *to desk* R., *picks up some papers.)*

AUSTIN. You wait, too, David. *(*DAVID *replaces papers—returns to* A.—*sofa* L.*)* Now, I don't want to be unjust, George.

GEORGE. *(Is just sitting on* F. *arm of sofa* R.—*Rises quickly)* Unjust to me? What have I been doing?

AUSTIN. George, you hang about the halls whenever Elise Benedotti is changing classes.

GEORGE. *(At* F. *sofa* R.*)* Sure, I do.

AUSTIN. Well, that isn't right. I know you're in love with her, and Heaven knows it's natural——

GEORGE. Do you think it's natural to be in love with her, too?

AUSTIN. Yes—no! You didn't let me finish. What I meant to say was that being in love with her, it's natural that you should want to speak to her. But you mustn't. It's breaking the pledge you gave me when I offered you the job. Isn't it, David?

DAVID. *(*A. *sofa* L.*)* In my opinion, it is.

GEORGE. What do you suppose I came here for at all, but to see Elise?

AUSTIN. To see her—to be near her, but not to speak to her.

*(*DAVID *at desk* L.*)*

GEORGE. Well, I hardly spoke to her, I just said, "Oh, Elise, won't you marry me?"

AUSTIN. *(Too much interested)* And what did she say?

GEORGE. *(Smiling happily)* She said: "Oh, George, don't be tiresome!"

AUSTIN. *(Relieved)* Now, don't you see how wrong that is?—I consider it a point of honor with all of us not to have the least personal communication with any of the pupils—— *(Enter* MISS CURTIS *door* R.—*She has a letter in her hand.)* None, do you understand? *(*GEORGE *starts to speak.)* None! *(*GEORGE *goes up to* R. *of post* L.C. AUSTIN *sits.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(To post* R.C.*)* Excuse me for interrupting, but this is Elise's letter.

GEORGE. *(Turns quickly,* R. *of post* L.C.*)* Elise's letter!

AUSTIN. *(Coldly—is sitting* L. *of desk* L.*)* Put it on the desk, please.

MISS CURTIS. *(Crossing to desk* L., *lays the letter on the desk—as she crosses* GEORGE *comes down on her* R.*)* Yes, her daily letter. She's so punctual about it, dear child. Every morning at nine it's always, "Miss Curtis, will you give this to Mr. Bevans, please?" She never misses——

AUSTIN. That will be all, Miss Curtis——

MISS CURTIS. *(Starts to take the gardenia)* Mr. Bevans, wouldn't you like me to take that gardenia away?

AUSTIN. That will be all, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(Crosses to* R.C.*)* Such a heavy perfume. I didn't know but it might give him—*(Exiting door* R.*—muttering)*—a headache——

GEORGE. *(To sofa* L.*)* No personal communication with any of the pupils, eh?—Oh, no!

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of desk* L.*—takes the letter, starts to open it)* This is an exercise in English composition.

GEORGE. *(Turns to* C.I.*)* Ah-h——

DAVID. *(At desk* L.*)* Yes, I can tell from her history papers that her writing, spelling, and punctuation are very defective.

GEORGE. *(Angrily—to sofa* L.*)* Are they, indeed? Well, I never found them so. I think her letters are perfect—only she hardly ever writes to me. But to you she writes every morning—every morning—at nine o'clock.

AUSTIN. George, you don't mean you doubt my word when I tell you that this letter is merely an English exercise?

See pages 92-93

GEORGE. *(Turns to* L. *of* C. *Back to audience)* Of course, I doubt it.

DAVID. George, how can you?

AUSTIN. *(Hands letter to* DAVID*)* Read it, Dave. *(*DAVID *starts to read it to himself.)*

DAVID. Out loud?

AUSTIN. Of course.

DAVID. Now, George, you'll be sorry for what you said. *(Reading.)* "Dear Mr. Bevans: Did you see the moon last night?"

GEORGE. *(*C.*)* Hy!

(During the reading, GEORGE *keeps trying to catch* AUSTIN'S *eye to show what he thinks of the letter, while* AUSTIN *remains detached, looking steadily front.)*

DAVID. "It came out suddenly from a black cloud with silver edges." *(Speaking.)* Now that's prettily put.

GEORGE. Yes-r——

DAVID. *(Reading)* "It must have shone in at your window. I watched it a very long time, and hoped that you were not missing such a very lovely sight."

AUSTIN. *(Calmly—looking* F.*)* She used "very" too much.

DAVID. *(Reading)* "You can't imagine how my love of poetry has increased in the last few weeks. We are reading Shelly now, and some of his lines ring in my head day and night. 'I never thought before my death to see youth's vision thus made perfect.'"

GEORGE. Gu! *(Goes to sofa* R.*)*

DAVID. "I say that over and over to myself. Respectfully yours, Elise."

GEORGE. *(*L. *of* C.I.*)* *Elise!*

DAVID. Now, I call that a very good letter—though she should not spell hope with two p's.

AUSTIN. Make a note of it, will you?

*(*DAVID *takes pencil from desk* L., *makes note on letter.)*

GEORGE. Why, it's a love letter.

DAVID. Why, man, you're crazy. There isn't a word of love in it.

*(*AUSTIN *rises, takes the letter—looks at it.)*

GEORGE. *(To sofa* L.*)* There is, there is, too. Don't you see when she says "Youth's vision made perfect," she means Austin?

AUSTIN. Me? Why, George, don't be absurd.

GEORGE. *(At* R. *end of sofa* L.*)* And what about the moon, too——

(Enter MISS CURTIS *door* R.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Comes to post* R.C.*)* Oh, excuse me for interrupting you again, Mr. Bevans. But Professor McKenzie's course in Constitutional History has been waiting fifteen minutes—*(*DAVID *crosses.)*—and they're getting so impatient.

DAVID. *(Crossing quickly to door* R.*)* Impatient for my course, do you hear that, Austin? *(Exit door* R. GEORGE *goes up* L.C.*)*

MISS CURTIS. And Prof. Boyd's class in bookkeeping—is waiting also.

GEORGE. *(Glares at* AUSTIN, *then goes out after* DAVID, *door* R.*)* Moon!

*(*AUSTIN *stops* MISS CURTIS, *who has started for the door.)*

AUSTIN. *(Comes* F. *to* L. *of* C.I.—MISS CURTIS

goes to his R. *Puts letter in breast pocket)* Miss Curtis, when Mr. Boyd gives his individual instructions in bookkeeping, you are always present—aren't you?

MISS CURTIS. Oh, yes, yes—indeed, I'm always there.

AUSTIN. Just how does he proceed?

MISS CURTIS. Once a week he gives a lecture on the general theory, and then he takes each girl aside for about ten minutes and shows her how to balance her bank book, or to draw checks. Such a helpful course I always think.

AUSTIN. Where has he been giving it?

MISS CURTIS. In my little office.

AUSTIN. In the future, I prefer to have him give it here. Go now and tell him to finish the hour here.

*(*MISS CURTIS *goes to door* R., *turns, looks at him—smiles, exits.* AUSTIN *goes to* U.R. *end of sofa* L., *picks up gardenia and stands looking at it—*ELISE *enters* R. *down the stairs, wearing a gardenia.)*

ELISE. Mr. Bevans——

AUSTIN. *(*U.R. *end of sofa—very severe)* Elise, you know perfectly well, it's against the rules for you to come here like this.

ELISE. Yes, I know, sir, but—do you like gardenias?

AUSTIN. *(Firmly)* No.

ELISE. No?

AUSTIN. The perfume is too heavy.

ELISE. *(Goes to* E. *of sofa* R.—*throws it into waste-basket)* There, then!

AUSTIN. *(Hides his in drawer of desk* L.*)* Now, Elise, you must go. *(To* L. *of desk* L.*)*

ELISE. *(Crossing to sofa* L.*)* But, Mr. Bevans, I want to speak to you about my letter.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of desk* L.*)* Your letter?

ELISE. Didn't you receive my letter this morning?

AUSTIN. Oh, yes, I believe I did. *(Pretends to look for it on the desk.)*

ELISE. Perhaps you put it in your pocket.

AUSTIN. Yes, perhaps I did. *(Goes through his breast pocket, and at last reluctantly produces it.—He takes the letter out and reads it—*ELISE *watches him out of the corner of her eye.)*

ELISE. You see, I spelled a word wrong. Oh, Mr. Bevans—don't you think that is a wonderful line? *(She recalls.)* "I never thought before my death to see youth's vision thus made perfect."

AUSTIN. *(Reading the letter—comes to* F. *and sits up* F. *arm of sofa* L.*)* It's all right, now, Elise, run along.

ELISE. *(Sits on sofa* L.*—close to him)* Do you mind very much if I sit here?

AUSTIN. No, not at all. *(Rises—still reading the letter and crosses to sofa* R.*—sits on* F. *arm.)*

ELISE. *(Sits sofa* L.*)* Do you suppose that's the way everyone feels when they fall in love?

AUSTIN. Go to your class.

ELISE. *(Rises, crosses to him)* Just one moment, Mr. Bevans. Don't you think Shelley is a wonderful poet?

AUSTIN. *(Rises, going up* R. *of desk* R.*—to door* R.*)* Leave this room.

ELISE. *(Runs to door* R.*, stands with her back against it)* Just a moment—just a moment, please.

AUSTIN. Elise, you must go.

ELISE. *(Very sweetly)* Well, you can't exactly put me out, can you? ?

AUSTIN. Why can't I? I will, too, if you don't go yourself.

ELISE. Well, I'm not going myself, am I?

AUSTIN. All right, then——

(Puts his hands on her shoulders to shove her out when the door opens quickly—pushing ELISE *into* AUSTIN'S *arms—he catches her to save her from falling.* GEORGE *hurries in, sees* ELISE *in* AUSTIN'S *arms, and throws ledger on floor above sofa* R. *Stands glaring at them.* AUSTIN *unconsciously still keeps his arms about* ELISE*—not holding her to him but his arms are rather awkwardly outstretched.)*

AUSTIN. What—what do you mean by breaking into a room like that?

GEORGE. *(*F. *of stairs—sarcastic)* I'm very sorry, but, of course, I thought you were alone.

AUSTIN. *(Realizing his position—angrily crosses down* R. *of desk, crosses to* L. *of* L.C.*)* Why the deuce should you think I was alone?

*(*ELISE *crosses above to piano.)*

GEORGE. *(Picks up ledger. Crossing to* R. *of desk* R.*)* Because, you said—because, I understood—because, it's against the rules to see pupils alone——

AUSTIN. You don't seem to understand that you nearly knocked this young lady down—bursting open the door like that.

ELISE. *(*C.3*—with a lovely smile)* Oh, I don't mind what happened.

*(*GEORGE *shuts the account book he carries—"bang," glares at them.* ELISE *startled, sits on piano bench.)*

AUSTIN. *(Looks at* ELISE*—goes to* F. *of desk* L.*—turns to* GEORGE*)* What are you doing here, anyhow?

GEORGE. *(To* F. *of desk* R.*)* What am I doing here?

AUSTIN. Yes.

GEORGE. You sent for me——

AUSTIN. Eh?

GEORGE. *(*F. *of desk* R.*)* You sent Miss Curtis to tell me to give my course here——

AUSTIN. *(Irritably)* Oh—hu—— *(Sits* L. *of desk* L.*—picks up book.)* All right, go ahead with your course.

GEORGE. *(*F. *of desk* R.*)* What! Right here before you?

AUSTIN. Certainly. Is there any reason why you shouldn't give it before me?

GEORGE. *(Crossing to sofa* L.*)* No. *I* have nothing to conceal.

MISS CURTIS. *(Enters door* R. *with composition books, goes to* R. *of desk* R.*)* Hurry, Sally!

*(*SALLY *enters door* R.*—a small checkbook—goes to* R. *of piano.* ELISE *rises—turns, sits* P.B. *Starts playing softly.)*

AUSTIN. Oh, is it only Sally? I mean, is it Sally?

MISS CURTIS. *(Sits at desk* R.*)* Yes, Sally has the first turn.

AUSTIN. *(Rising, crosses* F.*—goes up* L.C.*)* Oh, well, I've got something to attend to—but I'll be back.

*(*ELISE *is sitting on piano bench, catches his eye as he comes up* L.C. AUSTIN *exits door* L. ELISE *gets his last words, "I'll be back"—swings*

around on the bench and softly touches the keys. Stops when SALLY *begins to speak.* GEORGE *crosses* A. *to* L. *of desk* L.*)*

SALLY. *(Laughs loudly—making fun of* GEORGE*)* Professor! Hu! *(Crosses to sofa* L.*)* George—the idea of you giving me a lesson. *(Sits, sofa* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. Sally, Sally!

GEORGE. *(Snatching the checkbook from her, runs through the pages rapidly, severely—"brother and sister")* A very badly kept book, Miss Boyd.

SALLY. *(Laughingly)* I have such trouble with my account, Professor.

GEORGE. What is your chief difficulty?

SALLY. Keeping any money in the bank.

MISS CURTIS. *(Sitting desk* R.*—busy writing. Gently)* Oh, Sally, Sally, dear, do pay attention to your lesson.

GEORGE. I'm sorry to hear that. *(Sits—sotto voce.)* Listen to me, when I teach Miss Benedotti—— *(He points at* MISS CURTIS*, at the door, meaning when I teach* ELISE*, get* MISS CURTIS *away.)*

SALLY. *(Loudly)* What's that?

GEORGE. *(Turns away disgusted—to* SALLY *again)* Oh! When I teach Miss Benedotti—— *(Same business.)*

SALLY. *(Understanding)* Oh, I can't.

GEORGE. You could if you tried.

SALLY. Can't.

MISS CURTIS. Sally, Sally, you must never say you can't do anything your teachers ask of you.

SALLY. All right, if *you* say so, Miss Curtis.

GEORGE. *(Rises, rapidly)* In that case, this lesson is over. Add up the deposits, add up the checks, subtract the one from the other, and there you are. *(*SALLY *grabs book, crosses toward door* R. ELISE

who is on to the trick tries to run out after SALLY. SALLY *runs out door* R. *Very sweetly.)* Now, who is the next pupil, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. Elise, Elise—Elise Benedotti is next.

GEORGE. Possibly, possibly. *(Sits.)*

ELISE. *(At door* R.*—going to* L. *of sofa* R.*)* Miss Curtis, I don't see any use at all in my taking this course. My uncle would always get me some little ac-coun-ta-nant to balance my book!

GEORGE. *(Rising)* Perhaps you wouldn't always find a little accountant at your beck and call.

ELISE. *(*R.C.*, turns to* GEORGE*, then turns back to* MISS CURTIS*)* I always have. *(*GEORGE *sits crushed.)*

MISS CURTIS. But, Elise, Mr. Bevans thinks this course is so important.

ELISE. *(Crossing and sitting down at once on* U. *arm of sofa* L.*)* Oh, if Mr. Bevans thinks so. *(*GEORGE *rises—takes her book.)*

GEORGE. *(Looking through her book)* Tuh—tsh—tsh—this is no way to keep a record of your expenditures, Miss Benedotti. *(Very sugarly)*—to self—to self—to self—why, you never enter what you spent your money for——

ELISE. Sometimes I do—— *(Finds the place in the checkbook.)* There's one—for George's Christmas present——

GEORGE. It was a wonderful present. *(Sentimentally—tries to hold her hand—she snatches it away.)* I mean it must have been at such a price.

ELISE. Miss Curtis, do you think Professor Boyd ought to comment on the price I pay for things? Is that part of the course?

MISS CURTIS. Not exactly, my dear, but I'm sure nowadays, we ought to be very grateful to anyone who can tell us——

*(*SALLY *enters door* R., *calls loudly.)*

SALLY. Miss Curtis!

MISS CURTIS. Yes, Sally, dear.

SALLY. You're wanted on the long distance telephone.

MISS CURTIS. *(Rises—flustered)* Dear me, now—who can that be? *(Reaches for phone on lower end of desk* R.*)*

SALLY. *(Beats her to it—grabs the phone.* GEORGE *writes on piece of paper "balance sheet"—lays it on top of desk—*ELISE *looks at it)* Don't use that one——

MISS CURTIS. Sally—dear!

SALLY. The operator said that there was something wrong with the switches, and that if you used any telephone but the one in the pantry, you'd lose your connection.

MISS CURTIS. Why, how very strange! *(Goes up* R.C.*)*

*(*ELISE *runs to back of* MISS CURTIS.*)*

SALLY. *(*R. *of desk* R.*—still holds the phone)* That's just what she said.

MISS CURTIS. *(Above sofa* R., *to* GEORGE*)* Did you ever hear of such a thing?

GEORGE. *(Has come to* C.2*)* Oh, yes—yes, indeed. It happens quite often, when the earth currents are running—*(Illustrates by holding hand out straight.)*—or I should say tending to run in an—*(Bends his fingers.)*—opposite or negative direction——

*(*MISS CURTIS *moves toward* GEORGE.*)*

SALLY. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* I'm afraid you'll lose

your call, Miss Curtis. *(*Miss Curtis *hurries out door* R. Sally *going up* R. *to door* R.*)* Fixed it for you, sweetie! *(*Elise *starts for her.)*

Elise. I think I'd better go.

*(*Sally *exits door* R.*—quickly.* Elise *attempts to follow her out.)*

George. *(Passionately)* Elise! Elise!

Elise. Oh, what do you want?

George. Can't you see that man is in love with you?

Elise. *(Gasping)* Oh, George, what do you mean?

George. *(*L. *of* C.*)* Bevans is in love with you, don't you see it? Can't you feel it?

Elise. *(*R. *of* George*)* Oh, George, what makes you think so?

George. I don't think, I know. If you'd seen his face just now when you were in his arms——

Elise. Oh, I wasn't in his arms, George. It was because you opened the door so roughly.

George. The point is, he liked it. He loved it.

Elise. *(Enraptured)* Are you sure?

George. Of course, I'm sure. I've known Austin a long time—I tell you he's wildly in love with you. That's why he makes you write to him every day.

Elise. Oh, no, George, that's to improve my handwriting.

George. That's what he tells you, darling, but it's really because he's in love with you. Why, you should have seen his face light up when Miss Curtis brought in your note this morning.

Elise. Did it, George, did it light up?

George. Yes, it did. *(*Elise, *enraptured, turns to* R.C. George *follows her.)* He ought to be

ashamed of himself. Why, he's practically engaged to Susie Rolles.

ELISE. *(Laughs, sits on arm of sofa* R.*)* Practically engaged—what sort of an engagement is that?

GEORGE. Well, I heard him tell your uncle, that the only reason he took the school was to make enough money to get married. He's all wrapped up in her.

ELISE. But how can he be all wrapped up in her, if he's in love with me?

GEORGE. What do you mean—he's in love with you?

ELISE. *(Rises, goes to him)* You just this moment said he was.

GEORGE. *(Confused)* Well, I mean he was wrapped up in her and he would be still, if you'd let him alone.

ELISE. *(Shocked)* Let him alone! Why, George! *(Crossing to* L. *of desk* L.*)* You don't think *I'd* do anything——

GEORGE. *(Hastily—*F. *of sofa* L.*)* Oh, no, no, dear. I didn't mean that. I know you are too timid to give him the least encouragement. But, if you *(Gestures.)* wouldn't stir him up.

ELISE. Stir him up?

GEORGE. *(Gestures)* If you'd just avoid him for a little while.

ELISE. *(Struck with the idea—looking* F.*)* Oh! I might do just one thing and then the other—— *(Imitates* GEORGE'S *gestures.)* First stir him up and then avoid him. That sometimes works wonderfully.

GEORGE. No, no, dear. Just avoid him, just avoid him, then he'd forget you.

ELISE. *(Laughs)* Oh, George, you are so funny. That's what I do with you—and look at the re-

sult—— *(*GEORGE *turns to* C.*)* You never give me back a balance sheet without writing "I love you" all over it—— *(Gets it, on desk* L.*)* Like this one this morning—look all over this side—— *(She hands it to* GEORGE.*)*

*(*AUSTIN *enters door* L. *as the paper is under discussion.)*

AUSTIN. *(Comes down* L.C.*—between them)* Let me see that paper.

GEORGE. *(*L. *of* C.*—shoves it up under his coat)* No, I won't.

AUSTIN. Give it to me.

GEORGE. I will not.

AUSTIN. George! *(*GEORGE *hands it to him. Between* GEORGE *and* ELISE*—reading.)* "I love you so much that I cannot bear him even to look at you!"

ELISE. *(*F. *of sofa* L.*—*L. *of* AUSTIN*)* Now, who do you think he means by that *him?* Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN. *(Looks from* ELISE *to* GEORGE. *To* GEORGE*)* Is this your idea of a lesson in accounting?

GEORGE. *(*C.I.*)* About as good as your idea of a lesson in composition.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing to* F. *of desk* L.*)* You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

ELISE. Oh, Mr. Bevans, don't be so angry. It really doesn't make the least bit of difference.

AUSTIN. There, I disagree with you.

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters door* R.*—goes* R. *of desk* R.*—*GEORGE *goes up to post* L.C.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Talking as she enters)* There wasn't a soul on the wire and Central kept saying

"Number, please. Number, please." I do think it's so annoying.

*(*ELISE *sits sofa* L.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Portentously advancing to* C.*)* Miss Curtis. *(*ELISE *sits, sofa* L.*)* I believe I was perfectly clear a moment ago when I told you that I wished you to remain in the room during Mr. Boyd's lessons.

MISS CURTIS. *(Crossing* F. *to* AUSTIN'S R.*)* Oh, yes, Mr. Bevans, perfectly clear.

AUSTIN. You understood my directions?

MISS CURTIS. *(Almost in tears)* Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. May I ask then, why I find Miss Benedotti entirely unchaperoned?

MISS CURTIS. I was called to the long distance telephone——

AUSTIN. The telephone? The telephone is here.

ELISE. *(To* GEORGE*)* Tell him it wasn't her fault.

GEORGE. *(Coming down* L. *of* AUSTIN*)* Why, Austin, I—I—— *(Returns to post* L.C.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Hardly waits for* ELISE *and* GEORGE'S *lines)* Miss Curtis, I feel a very deep responsibility in these matters. Unless you can obey my directions, I must find someone who can.

MISS CURTIS. Oh!

*(*MISS CURTIS *goes to desk—sits, head in her hands —weeping.)*

ELISE. *(Rises)* Oh, Mr. Bevans, please don't be so angry with her, it wasn't her fault.

AUSTIN. Whose fault was it?

ELISE. It was Geo—it was Prof. Boyd's. He'll

explain it. *(Goes to door* R.—*opening it.)* Don't cry, Miss Curtis, Mr. Boyd will explain. *(She leads* MISS CURTIS *away—they exit door* R. GEORGE *goes down* C.*)*

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of desk)* You ought to be ashamed of yourself—after all I said to you——

GEORGE. Indeed. Well, how about you?

AUSTIN. I wasn't making love to the girl.

GEORGE. It looked like it.

AUSTIN. It's just low-minded to think that because I'm alone with a girl for five minutes I'm making love to her.

GEORGE. *(*R. *of sofa* L.*)* Why isn't it low-minded then for you to think that I was.

AUSTIN. Hold on. You were. That's the difference. You *were*. And I won't have it, George. You leave my school.

GEORGE. *(To sofa* L.*)* No, I won't get out and leave you a clear field.

AUSTIN. On the level, George, if I should find that one of these girls was developing a sentiment for me, I'd stop it like a shot.

*(*ELISE *enters door* R., *she goes straight to* R. *of* GEORGE.*)*

ELISE. *(To* R. *of* GEORGE L. *of* C.*)* George, go away and leave this to me.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* GEORGE*)* Do nothing of the kind, George.

ELISE. George, if you don't go instantly, I'll never speak to you again, so help me—— *(*GEORGE *goes out at once door* R.—ELISE *advances to* AUSTIN.*)* I want to speak to you, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. *(Angry—*F. *of desk* L.*)* Yes, and I want to speak to you. You ought to be ashamed of

yourself—the president of the senior class. You ought to set a good example to the——

ELISE. *(Trembling with fear,* F. *of sofa* L.*)* Mr. Bevans——

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of* D.L.*)* I say you ought to set a good example to the younger pupils. What I object to is that it's so common—it's so second rate——

ELISE. Oh, please don't be silly.

AUSTIN. *Silly!*

ELISE. Yes, what difference does it make whether George writes me letters or not? He doesn't matter. I—I don't care for him.

AUSTIN. *(*F. *of desk* L.*)* It's no affair of mine whether you care for him or not. But it is my affair that you shall not use my school to carry on a clandestine correspondence. *(Crossing to* F. *of desk* R.*)* It makes no difference to me what your feelings are——

ELISE. *(Gasping, goes to* L.I. *of sofa* R.*)* Oh, is that true?

AUSTIN. *(Turning to her—*F. *of desk* R.*)* Is what true?

ELISE. That you don't care what my feelings—are?

AUSTIN. What are you trembling so for? Are you afraid of me?

ELISE. No, no, not a bit. Yes, I am, terribly, but that's not why I'm trembling. It's because I love you, I love you terribly.

AUSTIN. *(Trying to be calm)* My dear child——

ELISE. *(Trembling,* L. *of lower end of sofa* R.*)* Oh, please don't say any of those things you think you ought to say about my being a child and not knowing what love is. I have so little time to tell you. George doesn't matter. Nothing matters but you—I've been silly sometimes, about actors and singers and thought I was unhappy, but I wasn't.

I enjoyed it. But I don't enjoy this—— *(She trembles so as she talks that she can hardly speak.)* I can't eat, I can't sleep. I have no peace except when I'm with you, and then that excites me so it almost kills me.

AUSTIN. *(Protestingly—going up* R. *of desk* R.*)* Elise, Elise.

ELISE. *(*L. *of sofa* R.*)* What shall I do, Mr. Bevans, what shall I do?

AUSTIN. Now, just wait a minute—please——

ELISE. Do you hate me to love you like this?

AUSTIN. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* Let us be absolutely honest about this. Nobody hates to be loved. And no man hates to be loved by a lovely little creature like you. As for me, no one's ever cared about me much, except David and my mother, and I don't remember her very well——

ELISE. *(At sofa* R.*)* Oh, I'm so glad. I mean that no one has loved you, because if they had, that would mean that you had cared for someone and then you'd be absolutely irresistible.

AUSTIN. But we're not going to have anything more like this at all. You've got to get over this fancy, and get over it at once.

ELISE. Mr. Bevans, when I'm an old, withered woman, I shall love you just as I do to-day.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing to* L. *of* C.I.*)* Nonsense.

ELISE. *(Goes to his* R.*)* Or a little bit more, because I'll know more about it then.

AUSTIN. *(Turns to her)* Elise, you must stop loving me.

ELISE. *(*R. *of* AUSTIN*)* I can't.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* C.I.*)* You can if you try. Now try.

ELISE. *(Gaspingly)* I don't mean to try. *(Raises her hands—with difficulty restrains herself from*

throwing her arms about his neck.) Don't you love me at all?

AUSTIN. *(Firmly, untruthful)* No. *(Goes to* R. *of desk* L.*)*

ELISE. *(Steps toward him)* Are you engaged to someone else?

AUSTIN. *(Attempting to quiet her)* My dear child, what difference can that possibly make to you?

ELISE. *(Frantically)* Can't you see what difference it makes to me? Are you? Are you? Are you?

*(*MISS HAYS *enters door* R., *takes in the situation.)*

AUSTIN. Well, not exactly.

*(*ELISE, *sobbing hysterically, leans her head against post* L.C.*)*

MISS HAYS. *(Above sofa* R.*)* There are two ladies to see you, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. *(To* L. *of desk* L.*)* Parents?

MISS HAYS. No, just ladies—— *(Comes down* C.2.*)*

*(*ELISE *gives a long sob.* MISS HAYS *goes to* L. *of sofa* R.*)*

AUSTIN. *(To her* L.*)* Elise, do try and get hold of yourself.

ELISE. *(Hysterically)* I don't want to get hold of myself. *(Runs out door* R., *sobbing hysterically.)*

*(*MISS HAYS *looks after* ELISE—*turns, looks at* AUSTIN—*pause.)*

MISS HAYS. *(*R.C.—*scornfully)* Well, Mr. Bev-

ans, it seems that Charm is like a good rule, it works both ways.

AUSTIN. *(Goes toward her* L.*)* Miss Hays, it wasn't my fault.

MISS HAYS. Oh, don't say that.

AUSTIN. *(*C.3*)* You mean you think I wanted to—that I tried——

MISS HAYS. *(*R.C.3*)* When you introduced five young men into a girls' boarding school you took the responsibility of everything that might happen. You were obstinate and ignorant——

AUSTIN. Miss——

MISS HAYS. Oh, I know that determined and inexperienced sounds better, in other words, you were a man and a young one, and so you went on your own way—and you ruined this school—this thing for which I worked and thought and planned for fifteen years. You take it up like a toy and break it for your own amusement! *(Crossing* F. *to* R. *of desk* R.*)* Without a thought.

AUSTIN. You're quite wrong. I've given it a great deal of thought——

MISS HAYS. *(*R. *of desk* R.*)* Very well, then, you've given a great deal of thought to ruining it. I gave the best years of my life to building it up. And I love it, like a child—and I've had to stand aside and see you do one mad thing after another. Mr. Bevans, give it up. Give it up to me now. I can still save it.

AUSTIN. I'll do nothing of the kind. Why, the school is doing well. Look at the results. Look at the waiting list. My aunt never had a waiting list like that. Isn't that true?

MISS HAYS. Oh, yes, that's true. *(Sits* R. *of desk* R.*)*

AUSTIN. All the parents are satisfied, and the girls are certainly satisfied. And look at the im-

provement in them—in their voices, in their manners, in their dress—do you deny that?

MISS HAYS. No, I don't deny that some of your ideas are good, and have proved more practical than I expected.

AUSTIN. What do you object to then?

MISS HAYS. To you, to you and these other boys. Do you know how easy it is to kill a school? One breath of scandal——

AUSTIN. Of scandal?

MISS HAYS. What parents call scandal. I dare say you don't know half of what is going on in the school. Do you know that those twins—what is their names, Simpkins—send Sally flowers every day? That George Boyd follows Elise about like a little dog? That every girl in school is taking snapshots of you—and that a good photograph of you commands any price——

AUSTIN. *(Turning to* L.C.I.*)* I'll confiscate every kodak in the school. It will be forbidden to take a picture.

MISS HAYS. It's too late—they all have them on their dressing tables in silver frames.

AUSTIN. *(Comes to* C.2*)* You must order them off their dressing tables.

MISS HAYS. I did. I said that photographs of men were not allowed, but they say their teachers are different. Oh, I've worried myself sick over the whole thing, and I can't bear it any longer. I resign, I can't stand by passively and see things like this going on.

AUSTIN. *(*C.2*)* Like what?

MISS HAYS. Like what is happening to little Elise Benedotti, for instance.

AUSTIN. Miss Hays, I am just as eager to protect that child as you are—you make me feel very small when you talk like that.

MISS HAYS. *(Rises, picks up composition books)* I'm afraid I can interest myself very little in your feelings, Mr. Bevans. *(Exits upstairs* R.*)*

(Enter MISS CURTIS, *door* R. *She has a letter in her hand.* AUSTIN *goes to* L. *of desk* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Mr. Bevans, excuse me, I thought Miss Hays was here. I have a letter for her.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of desk* L.*)* Miss Hays will be right back, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. *(Goes to* C.*)* Mr. Bevans, may I speak to you? *(*AUSTIN *crosses* F. *to* MISS CURTIS.*)* I feel that after what happened this morning, I had better resign.

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* MISS CURTIS*)* Resign! You want to leave us?

MISS CURTIS. Oh, no, I don't want to leave you, but I thought you were dissatisfied with me, and I couldn't bear—— *(She can't go on with the sentence.)*

AUSTIN. There, there. I suppose I was a little hasty. Do forgive me. We really couldn't do without you. *(*MISS CURTIS *ready to cry, smothers "Oh,* MR. BEVANS.*")* Only please don't cry. *(She tries to keep back the tears.)* You won't cry, will you?

MISS CURTIS. *(Smiles, crying bitterly)* I can't help it. It makes me so happy. Oh, Mr. Bevans, working for you has been such a privilege, such an inspiration. You know, I think I have been waiting for an inspiration all my life. *(*AUSTIN *goes to* L. *of desk* L., *sits.)*

*(*MISS HAYS *enters* R. *down the stairs.)*

MISS HAYS. Theodosia, when you have time,

will—— *(Comes down* R.U.—AUSTIN *to* L. *of desk* L.—*sits*—MISS CURTIS *to post* R.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Going to* MISS HAYS'S L.*)* Oh, Eleanor. I have a note for you from Elise.

*(*MISS HAYS *takes the letter, steps down* R.C. MISS CURTIS *goes to post* R.C., *dries her tears, then goes to chair* R. *of desk* R.—*sits.)*

MISS HAYS. *(Glances through the note)* Oh! *(Goes to* C.—*controlling herself.)* Well, Mr. Bevans. Your catastrophe has arrived. Elise Benedotti has run away.

MISS CURTIS. *(Rising)* Oh, Eleanor. *(Crosses* F. *to* R. *of* MISS HAYS.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Rises)* What, run away—— *(Goes to* L. *of* MISS HAYS.*)* Let me see—— *(Takes the letter—reads.)* "I couldn't bear to live another hour under the same roof. I shall be quite safe where I am going."

MISS CURTIS. This is terrible.

AUSTIN. Nonsense! She can't have gone far. She was here not fifteen minutes ago.

MISS HAYS. Remember a trolley passes the gates every few minutes, which connects with all New England.

AUSTIN. I'll bring her back.

MISS HAYS. *(Coldly—crossing to* R. *of desk* R.*)* I hope you may.

AUSTIN. I tell you I will. *(He goes to door* R. *and calls.)* David, George. *(As* AUSTIN *turns he almost runs over* MISS CURTIS, *he goes to door* U.L.C.*)*

MISS HAYS. Her uncle must be telephoned at once. *(In phone.)* Hello. Hello.

AUSTIN. *(Calls off door* U.L.C.*)* Tim. Jim.

MISS HAYS. *(In phone)* Hullo. Hullo.

MISS CURTIS. *(A. of sofa* R.*)* Oh, no, don't telephone her uncle—he is so hard, so unforgiving.

AUSTIN. *(Comes down* L. *of* C. *Going to* R. *of* C.2*)* Of course, Mr. Johns must be informed instantly of what has happened. *(*DAVID *enters door* R., *goes to* R.C.3.*)* Miss Hays, you'll stay and take charge of everything while I'm gone.

*(*JIM *enters door* U.L.C.—*goes down* R. *of* C.4.*)*

JIM. What's the matter, Austin, what's happened?

*(*TIM *enters* D.U.L.C.—*goes to* L. *of* AUSTIN.*)*

AUSTIN. Boys, boys, here's a fine state of affairs——

*(*GEORGE *enters door* R., *goes to between* DAVID *and* JIM. MISS HAYS *sits at desk* R.—*takes the address book and looks up the possible places where* ELISE *might go—then writes out telegrams.* MISS CURTIS *is above desk* R., *helping her.)*

AUSTIN. Elise Benedotti has run away, and I'm going to bring her back——

GEORGE. *(*DAVID *is below him)* What?

AUSTIN. Elise Benedotti has run away and——

GEORGE. *What?*

AUSTIN. George, that's a very annoying habit of yours, saying, what, what, what, when you understood perfectly. Elise Benedotti has run away *(Crossing to* L. *of desk* L.*)* and I'm going after her.

GEORGE. *(Crosses to sofa* L.*)* So am I. *(*DAVID *crosses—above desk* L. TWINS *to* MISS CURTIS.*)*

AUSTIN. No, you're not. Your place is here with your classes.

*(*TWINS *go to* MISS CURTIS, *question her. She answers them, then goes to above desk* R. TWINS *come to* C.*)*

GEORGE. You know a lot about what my place is. I know my own place, thank you.

AUSTIN. Prove it then by sticking to your job. David, I want you to make a point——

*(*MISS HAYS *replaces phone. Starts hunting the phone book and writing telegrams.)*

GEORGE. Stick here and leave you to go chasing Elise all over the country. I'll go and get her myself.

AUSTIN. You know where she is, then?

GEORGE. No, but I have means of finding out.

TWINS. Sally will know.

AUSTIN. Good idea. Get Sally, please, Miss Curtis.

(The TWINS *run to* MISS CURTIS, *she exits* U. *stairs.)*

JIM. Yes, get Sally, Miss Curtis. *(Comes back to* C.2—TIM R. *of* C.3.*)*

GEORGE. *(*L.C.*)* Now, that's not fair. Sally is *my* sister and it was my idea——

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of desk* L.*)* Look here, George, this isn't a game of hide-and-seek. This is a serious matter. One of the pupils of the Fairview School has run away and must be found at once. David, I want you to make it your business——

GEORGE. Why did she run away, that's what I'd like to know?

AUSTIN. We don't know. *(To* DAVID *above*

sofa L.) There is a man raking the road, ask him if——

GEORGE. Well, I know.

AUSTIN. What do you know?

GEORGE. Why she ran away.

AUSTIN. *Why* did she run away?

GEORGE. I guess you know, too.

AUSTIN. *(Interrupting, to* DAVID*)* Ask him if he saw anyone pass.

GEORGE. Elise ran away because of you.

DAVID. *(*A. *of sofa* L.*)* George, you're crazy.

AUSTIN. *(To* DAVID*)* Never mind him, Dave. You go and question that man.

*(*DAVID *exits door* U.L.C.*)*

GEORGE. I'm not crazy. Elise ran away because you forced her to write you letters every day——

AUSTIN. If you haven't anything more sensible to say than that, for Heaven's sake, shut up. *(To* JIM.*)* Jim—*(*JIM *goes to above sofa* L.*)*—I want you to go to the station and find out——

GEORGE. I won't shut up. I say Elise ran away because you forced her to write you love letters every day.

AUSTIN. They weren't love letters.

GEORGE. They were.

AUSTIN. They weren't.

GEORGE. They were.

AUSTIN. They weren't.

GEORGE. They were. *(Continued ad lib.)*

AUSTIN. Oh, shut up. *(To* JIM, *who comes to above sofa* L.*)* Jim, you go to the station and find out if she bought a railroad ticket, and also find out where the trolleys connect with the trains.

JIM. Yes, sir. *(*JIM *exits* U.L.C.*)*

AUSTIN. Tim—*(*TIM *goes to above sofa* L.*)*—

run around to the garage, and get my car up and see that the tank's filled.

TIM. Right-o. *(*TIM *runs out* U.L.C.*)*

*(*SALLY *is seen at entrance on stairs, overhears.)*

GEORGE. *(Goes to* F. *of desk)* I dare say there are worse things, things I don't know anything about. It must have been something pretty bad to make a girl like Elise run away.

AUSTIN. *(Turning to* GEORGE*)* George, you get right out of here.

GEORGE. *(Backing towards* C.*)* I'll do nothing of the sort.

AUSTIN. You leave this room, or I'll put you out.

GEORGE. You try, you just try.

AUSTIN. That's exactly what I mean to do.

SALLY. *(Running down the stairs)* George!

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters after* SALLY, *goes to above desk to* MISS HAYS. GEORGE *goes to* SALLY.*)*

MISS HAYS. *(To* SALLY*)* I shouldn't interfere, my dear.

GEORGE. *(*L. *of sofa* R.*)* Sally, where has Elise gone?

AUSTIN. You tell me everything you know.

SALLY. *(Goes to* AUSTIN'S R.*)* Oh, I don't know, I don't know——

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* SALLY*)* Sally, remember I'm head of this school.

GEORGE. *(To* R. *of* SALLY*)* Sally, remember, I'm your brother.

AUSTIN. You're concealing something from me.

SALLY. Oh, no, Mr. Bevans.

AUSTIN. If you don't tell me where she's gone you'll leave this school.

SALLY. *(Commences to cry)* Oh, Mr. Bevans, you wouldn't expel—— *(Runs to* MISS HAYS. GEORGE *goes to above* SALLY.*)* Miss Hays, Miss Hays, you wouldn't let him expel me.

MISS HAYS. My dear, Mr. Bevans is the head of this school.

SALLY. *(Turns to* AUSTIN*)* Oh, Mr. Bevans!

AUSTIN. I'd expel you like a shot, unless you tell me where Elise has gone.

GEORGE. Well, I can't expel you, but I can make it hot for you at home. *(Pinches her arm.)*

SALLY. Oh, George! Oh, Mr. Bevans, I don't know, not positively, only Elise has an old nurse who's married and lives—in——

AUSTIN *and* GEORGE. Where—where, Sally?

SALLY. In Bridgeport.

GEORGE. Bridgeport, Bridgeport. A time-table for Bridgeport. *(Runs out door* L. *Business with* MISS CURTIS, *turns and bumps into her, exits.)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Rushes to desk* L.*)* Oh, yes, I have one, I have one right here.

AUSTIN. But what's her name, Sally? Stop crying. What's her name?

SALLY. M—M—Maggie.

AUSTIN. Maggie, but I can't go about Bridgeport asking for Maggie the nurse. What's her last name?

SALLY. Oh, everybody's got me so upset I can't think, but I do think it's O'Brien.

AUSTIN. Maggie O'Brien, Bridgeport. *(Hurries off door* R. SALLY *follows to above sofa* R. GEORGE *runs in door* L. *Wearing his hat.* SALLY *runs to sofa* L., *kneels, leaning over desk.)*

GEORGE. *(To* C.3*)* Have you found it, Miss Curtis?

MISS CURTIS. Yes, yes, here it is. What time is it now?

GEORGE *and* SALLY. What time is it now?

GEORGE. *(Looking at wrist watch)* Five minutes of one, Miss Curtis.

SALLY. Five minutes of one, Miss Curtis.

MISS CURTIS. Five minutes of one, five minutes of one, and here's one at one six, now if you hurry you can catch it—— *(*GEORGE *starts for door* U.L.*)* Oh, come back, Professor, come back, that train doesn't go to Bridgeport at all. But here's one at one-fifteen, a very good train that gets to Bridgeport at—— *(*GEORGE *again starts on a run for the door.)* Oh, wait, wait a moment, Professor, come back, that's the Sunday trains I've been looking at all the time. Now wasn't that stupid of me, dear, dear. A.M. P.M. *(*SALLY *attempts to help her.)* No, no, now Sally, let me manage it, I understand time-tables. I always did. Here it is, here's your train—one-twenty—*(*GEORGE *again starts.)*—an excellent train, doesn't stop anywhere. *(*GEORGE *again returns to sofa* L.. *sinks on it tired out.)*

MISS HAYS. Theodosia, will you please go up to Elise's room and see if she has left any clew?

MISS CURTIS. Oh, yes, indeed I will. Wasn't it stupid of me not to have thought of it before? *(Exits upstairs.)*

AUSTIN. *(Enters door* R. *To* MISS HAYS*)* I'll telegraph you from Bridgeport, Miss Hays.

*(*TIM *enters door* U.L.*)*

TIM. Car's ready, Austin, want me to go with you?

AUSTIN. Certainly not. *(*TIM *exits door* U.L. *To* MISS HAYS.*)* I'm going in the car.

GEORGE. *(Rises—*L. *of* AUSTIN*)* I'll go with you, Austin.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing)* You will not.

GEORGE. All right, then, all right, then. I'll go on the train and get there first.

AUSTIN. *(Crossing toward* D.U.L.C.*)* We'll see.

GEORGE. *(Follows him)* Oh, have you got any money?

AUSTIN. Yes, thanks. *(Exits door* U.L.C. GEORGE *follows him up.)*

GEORGE. *(Starts toward* MISS HAYS, *about to ask her for money. Turns to* SALLY*)* Have you got any money?

SALLY. No, but I'll get some.

*(*MURIEL *enters, downstairs.)*

MURIEL. Sally, what's the matter?

SALLY. Muriel.

MURIEL. What?

SALLY. Got any money?

MURIEL. Two dollars.

SALLY. Give it to me. *(Takes it.* MURIEL *crosses to* GEORGE.*)*

*(*ETHEL *enters, downstairs.)*

ETHEL. Sally, Sally, what's all the excitement?

SALLY. Got any money, Ethel?

ETHEL. Yes.

SALLY. Give it to me. *(The other* GIRLS *have entered, following* ETHEL *on stairs. She gets money from each. Goes to* GEORGE.*)* There you are, George. There's six dollars and eighty-four cents. That ought to take you to Bridgeport.

GEORGE. *(Takes it)* Six dollars and eighty-four cents. Won't take me to Yonkers—— *(Rushes off door* U.L.C. *The* GIRLS *crowd around* SALLY, *who has gone up after* GEORGE, *asking questions.)*

GIRLS. What's happened, Sally? Etc.
SALLY. Elise has run away.

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters, down the stairs.)*

MISS CURTIS. Eleanor, Eleanor!
MISS HAYS. *(Rises)* Did you find anything in her room?
MISS CURTIS. No, no, not a thing, but I just saw Mr. Bevans driving down the road—so fast—so recklessly. Oh, Eleanor, I'm afraid he'll be killed!
MISS HAYS. *(Grabbing the telephone)* I'm afraid not!

CURTAIN

*(*GIRLS *rush to* MISS HAYS, *asking questions.* 1*st* —MISS CURTIS *hushes them.)*

MISS CURTIS. Children—children—Miss Hays is phoning.

*(*GIRLS *rush to* SALLY *up* L.C. MISS CURTIS *up to window.* MISS HAYS *sits.)*

*(2nd Curtain—*MISS CURTIS *goes to look off, goes to sofa* L., *sits, crying.)*

CURTAIN

ACT III

TIME: *Midnight.*

SCENE I: *On the road.*

In front of the returns of Act II set, hangs a wood drop painted very dark, about ten feet of the center is cut out and gauzed, showing the road through the woods, with arched trees on each side. The ceilings of Act II have been raised, and a very dark wood drop hangs about ten feet back of the front one, this drop hangs inside the set.

In the center of the gauge drop stands an old-fashioned buggy, the shafts have been cut off to about eight inches of the whiffle-tree and are close to the gauze. An iron standard comes up from the whiffle-tree over which are the reins. The top of the buggy is turned back enough so as not to interfere with the lights. A front curtain to the buggy is rolled up, the side ones are down. The buggy stands up and down stage, the horse is presumably in front of the picture or in the audience.

LIGHTS: *The two side lights of the buggy are fastened to a board which is attached to the dash-board; they are close together at first. A mechanical arrangement which* AUSTIN *works by turning a small crank, slowly draws the lamps apart, at the same time opening the kodak shutters which have shut out the light, giving the effect of the carriage coming from a distance straight ahead. Two very small lens lamps of*

forty-watt power, lemon-colored, come slowly up on dimmer to sufficiently light up the faces.

AT OPENING: *Every light in stage is out. No light in foots. It is midnight, and very dark. In the distance a very faint sound is heard as a horse trotting along slowly. Gradually two small lights are seen, at first close together, and gradually growing larger and drawing apart, while the horse effect also increases, drawing nearer. The two lens lights are slowly brought up on dimmer to give sufficient light to play in.*

The first border, blue, which has been way down, is slowly brought up to give a faint light to the sky.

A MAN *stands behind the buggy, and each time* AUSTIN *uses the whip, says "Git up," he racks the buggy sideways,* AUSTIN *and* ELISE *sway and lurch with it, to have the effect of going over a rough road. The horse effect also keeps slowing up, and quickening with* AUSTIN.

DISCOVERED: AUSTIN *and* ELISE *seated in the buggy,* AUSTIN *on* R. *of* ELISE.

AUSTIN. Get up, Man O' War. To come down from forty horsepower to one. Get up.

ELISE. The poor horse. He seems rather tired, doesn't he?

AUSTIN. I have a fellow feeling for him.

ELISE. What, are you tired, too, Mr. Bevans? Then why didn't you stay at the hotel? Though I do think this is great fun, to drive all night. Oh, don't you think it's all been fun?

AUSTIN. Fun? To be wandering about Bridgeport when there are twenty thousand Margaret O'Briens in the darn town? And then to smash my car on that curve—fun!

ELISE. Well, you were driving it rather fast.

AUSTIN. I was in a hurry to get you home.

ELISE. I can't see why there was any great hurry.

AUSTIN. You don't seem to care about the anxiety of your uncle and Miss Hays.

ELISE. Well, you telegraphed them that we were starting.

AUSTIN. I telegraphed them that we started from Bridgeport at nine o'clock last night. They'll think—— Oh, I don't know what they'll think.

ELISE. They know I'm with you.

AUSTIN. Yes, they know that.

ELISE. So they won't worry. Why should they? Anyhow, we'll be back as soon as they're all awake, or very soon after.

AUSTIN. If this brute doesn't fall asleep on the road. Get up.

ELISE. You mustn't abuse him, Mr. Bevans. We were very lucky to get him, so far from the railroad station.

AUSTIN. How I hate to drive a horse. Get up.

ELISE. You do? Then I don't see why you didn't leave your car to be mended. The man at the garage said, if he worked all night—*(Counts on her fingers)*—it would be done by six, or certainly by seven.

AUSTIN. I couldn't trust him, he had a mean face.

ELISE. We could have driven home in an hour or so, and you could have had your night's rest as well. You needn't worry about me, because I think this is lovely, only you don't seem to be enjoying yourself very much.

AUSTIN. I'm not.

ELISE. *(Yawns)* It's kind of lonesome, enjoying it all by myself. *(Pause.)* Didn't you think it was a good hotel, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN. An excellent hotel, Elise, the kind all your friends stay at.

ELISE. They do? Then I don't see why you didn't——

AUSTIN. Because, my dear child, respectable hotels don't take in stray couples without luggage, especially if they are not married.

ELISE. But why not?

AUSTIN. Because, oh, because they think they ought to stay at home.

ELISE. But I think stray couples are just the ones who need to be taken in most.

AUSTIN. Do you?

ELISE. Do you mean to say a hotel wouldn't take us in just because we're not married?

AUSTIN. Yes, I do.

ELISE. I think the law should compel a hotel to take people in.

AUSTIN. Well, it doesn't.

ELISE. But it wouldn't have mattered with us anyway, don't you remember the hotel man thought we *were* married. He said: "Wouldn't your wife like a cup of tea?"

AUSTIN. I didn't hear him. *(Cracks the whip, the buggy lurches violently.)* Get up. Get up.

ELISE. We're going pretty fast.

AUSTIN. Well, we're going down hill. Whoo.

ELISE. This is better. I hate tea, but I took it, because he made such a beautiful mistake.

AUSTIN. A very stupid mistake.

ELISE. Mr. Bevans, don't you think there's going to be a thunder storm?

AUSTIN. Why?

ELISE. It seems as if there was something in the air, like electricity.

AUSTIN. *(Looking out)* Perhaps there is a little—something.

(A low rumble of thunder is heard.)

ELISE. The hotel man didn't know you were a schoolmaster, did he, Mr. Bevans? He thought you were just a young man.

AUSTIN. *(Exasperated)* Well, it's a lucky thing I'm not.

ELISE. Not what?

AUSTIN. Not just a young man.

ELISE. *(Sleepily)* I wonder.

AUSTIN. Elise, I must speak to you seriously.

ELISE. Oh, I love it, when you speak seriously.

AUSTIN. You ought not to go about talking to men as you do. Of course, you are safe with me, but another man might misunderstand you——

ELISE. I wouldn't talk to any other man, as I talk to *you*——

AUSTIN. I hope not.

ELISE. I wouldn't.

AUSTIN. You might.

(Another rumble of thunder is heard, a little nearer, the rain commences to fall gently.)

ELISE. No, no.

AUSTIN. I'm not a conventional man in my ideas about the position of women, but I assure you reserve is a charm in a woman, if she waits for the man to make the first advances——

ELISE. But supposing she did wait and he didn't make them?

AUSTIN. Then she ought to wait a little longer.

(Another rumble of thunder, coming closer. The rain is a little louder.)

ELISE. I'm terribly sleepy.

AUSTIN. Go to sleep then. The horse has.

ELISE. I'd much rather stay awake and talk.

AUSTIN. Stay awake and talk then.

ELISE. Then I'm afraid if I went to sleep my head might fall over on your shoulder. And I suppose that would interfere with your driving.

AUSTIN. Yes, it would, but if you lean your head against the corner of the buggy, it won't happen.

ELISE. *(Leans her head against the side of buggy)* Like this?

AUSTIN. Yes, like that.

ELISE. *(Fidgeting about)* That's not very comfortable.

AUSTIN. It's the best you can do.

(There is a heavy clap of thunder, the rain falls violently, the storm is on them. AUSTIN *lowers the front curtain of the buggy.)*

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE II: *The school again.*

DAVID *is sitting at the left-hand desk, with the telephone receiver at his ear. He has evidently been waiting for some time.*

DAVID. *(At phone on desk* L.*)* Hello—hello.

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters door* R. *in a great hurry, goes to right desk, picks up receiver.)*

MISS CURTIS. Hullo—hullo.

DAVID. Hullo.

MISS CURTIS. Hullo—operator.

DAVID. Hullo—is this Bridgeport? Is this Mrs. O'Brien?

MISS CURTIS. Hullo. Mrs. O'Brien?

DAVID. *(Looking up)* Miss Curtis, Miss Curtis, will you be so kind as to get off my wire?

MISS CURTIS. Your wire? Oh, excues me, Professor, I did not notice that you were telephoning. Do forgive me——

DAVID. *(Into telephone)* Oh, hullo. Yes, I'm trying to get Bridgeport.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Professor McKensie, where do you think they are? Not a word since they left Bridgeport last night at nine. I'm so afraid they've been killed, or something. And now Miss Hays wants me to telegraph Mr. Johns again, but I can't see any reason for getting him here—he's so unsympathetic. Still, if she wants him, I suppose I

must. *(She takes up the receiver again.)* Hullo, hullo.

DAVID. Hullo, hullo, Bridgeport?

MISS CURTIS. Western Union, please.

DAVID. Miss Curtis, will you give me no peace on this wire?

MISS CURTIS. Oh, excuse me, Professor. I quite forgot. How could I be so stupid?

DAVID. I don't know—it's a miracle. Hullo—hullo—Yes, I am. Oh, it is, is it? Well, you might have told me that half an hour ago. *(Hangs up receiver.* GIRLS *enter* L.*)* The wires are down between here and Bridgeport on account of the storm last night. I'll tell Miss Hays. That's why we haven't heard. *(He goes out. During the latter part of the scene, the* GIRLS *have been tiptoeing in—*ETHEL, MADGE *and* ALIX, SALLY, DOTSIE, *door* L.*)*

SALLY. Oh, Miss Curtis! Has anything new happened? Do you know anything?

MISS CURTIS. No, dear, not a thing. *(She hurries out* R.*)*

SALLY. She spoke truth, then.

*(*DOTSIE *runs to* SALLY. ALIX *to* R. *of seat* R. MADGE F. *of desk* R. LILLIE R.C. SALLY *at* R. *of* U.E. *of sofa* L. *Crosses to* L. *of desk* L., *sits.)*

ETHEL. *(At* L. *end of sofa* L. MURIEL *enters; runs down the stairs, to* R. *of* C.*)* Oh, Muriel, do you know anything new?

MURIEL. *(*R. *of* C.2*)* Yes, oh, my dear, even Miss Hays is worried.

(The GIRLS *all gather about her, except* SALLY.*)*

GIRLS. Tell us, Muriel, tell us.

MURIEL. Well, last night after we had all gone to bed Miss Hays got a telegram from Mr. Bevans, saying he had found Elise.

GIRLS. Where? Where? *(Dancing about, goes to* F. *of desk* R.*)*

MURIEL. *(*L. *of* C.*)* And that he was leaving Bridgeport—in his car——

GIRLS. Yes, yes——

MURIEL. That was nine o'clock last evening. Well, my dears, where are they?

*(*ALIX *goes up* C. MURIEL X. *to* L. *of* B.C.*)*

GIRLS. I don't know. We don't know, etc.

ETHEL. I wonder——

SALLY. Ethel!

MURIEL. Sally——

SALLY. Hu!

MURIEL. I can tell you what Miss Hays thinks.

(The GIRLS *group about her.* SALLY *is sitting* L. *of desk.* CHARLOTTE, ALIX, MADGE *are above her and the desk.* ETHEL *is at piano.* LILLIAN *stands* R. *of* L.E. *of* S.L. DOTSIE *is* F. *of sofa* L.*)*

GIRLS. What—what does she think? *(Run to front of desk* L.*)*

MURIEL. *(Going toward sofa* R. DOTSIE *runs to her)* She thinks—they've eloped.

GIRLS. Oh, I don't believe—— Oh, what fun—— Do you think she would? Etc.

ALIX. *(Dancing around the post* L.C.*)* Twins want Sally. Twins want Sally.

SALLY. *(Crossing to* F. *of desk* L.*)* Oh, muzzle it!

*(*TWINS *have followed* DOTSIE *in, they stand just*

inside the door, are carrying hats, coats, and traveling bags.)

JIM. *(Is* R. *of* TIM*)* Hist—Sally!
SALLY. Oh, Mr. Simpkins, I can't come now——
TIM. *(To* L. *of post* L.C.*)* Just a moment, Sally.

*(*MURIEL *pushes* DOTSIE *out* U.L.*)*

JIM. *(To* R. *of post* L.C.*)* We've come to say good-bye.

*(*LILLIAN *is above* MURIEL. *They have come to* L. *of* C. ETHEL *stands* R.C. ALIX *is sitting sofa* R. MADGE *is* F. *of desk* R.*)*

GIRLS. Good-bye! You're going away?
ETHEL. Oh! Where are you going?
SALLY. *(Leaning over desk* L.*)* Good-bye! Why are you going?
JIM. *(To* A.R. *of sofa* L.*—puts hat and coat on sofa, bag on floor)* Our beloved parent has wired for us to come home to Poughkeepsie.
TIM. *(To* A. *desk* L.*—puts hat and coat on sofa —has left bag* L. *of post* L.C.*)* Seventy-five miles from a decent cabaret.
JIM. *(To* SALLY*)* Good-bye.
LILLIAN *and* MURIEL. *(*LILLIAN *is above* MURIEL L. *of* C. *They join hands and dance backward to* R.C., *singing)* "Vamp a little lady."
JIM. *(Going to* R. *of* C.*)* Good-bye, girls.
GIRLS. Good-bye.
LILLIAN. Oh, Mr. Simpkins, I'll never forget what you taught me—that little step, you know. *(She goes into his arms—dances, turns him about—* SALLY *comes to* L.C.—TIM *comes down* L. *to* F. *of sofa* L.*)*

ETHEL. *(Crossing to* L. *of* JIM*)* We'll miss you a lot, Mr. Simpkins. *(Arm through his.)*

SALLY. Hm!

JIM. *(Releases himself from* LILLIAN *and* MURIEL, *goes toward* SALLY*)* Oh, Sally, could I have just a word with you?

SALLY. *(*L.C.*)* But Professor McKensie will be here any time now——

MURIEL. We'll let you know when he's coming.

ETHEL. We'll watch——

MADGE. We'll whistle when he leaves his study——

MURIEL. That's a good idea, we'll whistle.

(The GIRLS *run to various observation posts.* LILLIAN *to door* L. MADGE *to door* U.L.C. ALIX *upstairs.* ETHEL *to door* R., *holds door open, leaning out.* MURIEL *upstairs.* SALLY *crosses to* R. *of* C.*)*

JIM *(Going to* SALLY'S L.*)* Sally, we just wanted to say good-bye.

SALLY. *(*R. *of* C.*)* I'm so sorry you're going. School won't seem like school without you.

TIM. *(*L. *of* JIM*)* Without which of us, Sally?

SALLY. Without both of you. *(Goes to sofa* R.*)* Aren't parents simply fierce?

TIM. You can't get up any argument on that.

JIM. Sally, we just wanted to say that we think you are the finest girl we ever saw—and we've seen a good many in our time.

TIM. *(*L. *of* JIM*)* That's right, we have.

JIM. *(Moves to her)* Sally, maybe we'll meet again some day.

SALLY. Oh, I don't know. I feel awfully discouraged. My family want me to go to college.

JIM. To college—well, don't you do it—it's just

See pages 132-133

four years wasted, that's all, and Sally, they don't teach you charm at college.

TIM. No, nor to do your hair like that.

JIM. Nor to dance the way I taught you.

TIM. My dear Sally, you wouldn't like college at all.

SALLY. *(Disgusted—sits* R. *arm of sofa* R.*)* I never said I would. But my mother has always wanted me to go to Vassar——

TIM. To Vassar? Oh, that's different.

SALLY. Why is it?

JIM. *(Goes to sofa* R., *one knee on it)* Because we live in Poughkeepsie.

TIM. *(Goes to them)* And Vassar's in Poughkeepsie.

BOTH BOYS. Oh, Sally, do go to college.

TIM. You'd see us steadily for four years then, Sally.

JIM. And then, perhaps, you could make up your mind, which one of us you liked best.

SALLY. I don't see how I ever could, you're both so perfect.

TIM *and* JIM. Sally——

*(*MADGE *whistles.)*

SALLY. Somebody's coming.

*(*TWINS *rush, pick up their bags, coats and hats.)*

TIM. *(Going out)* Come on, Jim.

JIM. Good-bye, Sally—— *(Good-bye—ad lib.* TWINS *rush out door* L.*)*

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters door* R.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(At telephone)* Western Union, please. Please give me Western Union——

*(*GIRLS *crowd around her to hear what she is doing. Enter* MR. JOHNS.*)*

JOHNS. Where's Bevans?

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Mr. Johns, we don't know.

JOHNS. Teach girls charm—teach 'em to be vagrants.

MISS CURTIS. *(*E.C.2*)* Oh, Mr. Johns, remember the young ladies are present.

JOHNS. Think parents pay you to lose their children for them! This is the worst kind of a school. *(Turns* L. *of* P.B.*)*

*(*GIRLS *ad lib.—confusion—go up toward* C.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(Crossing to the* GIRLS*)* You'd better go, my dears, you'd better go.

(The GIRLS *don't want to go, but she "gathers" them off door* R.*)*

*(*MISS CURTIS *goes* R. *of desk* R.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(To* C.*)* It will be all right, Mr. Johns. Mr. Bevans will find her. He always does whatever he undertakes to do.

JOHNS. No, he does not. He undertook to take girls off their parents' hands—save 'em all trouble, and I have to come back from a business trip because he loses my niece the first crack out of the box. *(Crossing to sofa* R.*)* I say this is the worst kind of a school——

MISS CURTIS. *(*R. *of desk* R.—*Screams)* Oh, Mr. Johns.

*(*Miss Hays *enters down the stairs* R. *and the words die away on his lips.)*

Miss Hays. *(On stairs—to* Johns*)* I thought it was you. *(To* Miss Curtis.*)* You see, Theodosia, I recognized Mr. Johns' voice. *(*Johns *turns to her, then goes to piano, throws his cap on it—* Miss Hays *comes down* R.C.*)* I should like to speak to Mr. Johns alone, if you don't mind.

Miss Curtis. *(Crossing* F. *to her* R.*)* Call me, Eleanor, if you need me.

*(*Miss Hays *waves her away.* Miss Curtis *exits door* L.*)*

Johns. *(To* L. *of* Miss Hays*)* Well, Eleanor, this must be a pretty serious situation, if you are at last willing to speak a word to me.

Miss Hays. *(*R. *of* C.*)* It is serious. Elise has done the most foolish thing a woman can do. She's taken a man seriously.

Johns. *(*C.*)* Bless my soul, Eleanor. You haven't changed a bit!

Miss Hays. Oh, yes, I have. I haven't taught school all these years and not learned something.

Johns. I thought you knew all there was to know.

Miss Hays. I knew everything about you, Homer.

Johns. No, you didn't either.

Miss Hays. Oh, was there more to know than came out in court?

Johns. No,—yes—at least, but that isn't what I mean——

Miss Hays. You didn't come here to discuss our affairs.

Johns. No, no. Of course not.

MISS HAYS. Elise disappeared yesterday and Mr. Bevans started at once——

JOHNS. Why didn't you start?

MISS HAYS. I? I couldn't leave the school without a responsible head. I have duties to other parents and guardians—*(Crosses* R. *of desk* R., *gets her bag)*—besides you, Homer.

JOHNS. Now isn't that just like you?

MISS HAYS. What?

JOHNS. You remembered your obligations to the other parents. But you never thought of me at all.

MISS HAYS. You mean, I should have thought only of you!

JOHNS. Certainly.

MISS HAYS. You're just as egotistical as ever.

JOHNS. Egotistical for a man to want his wife to prefer him to anyone else.

MISS HAYS. I'm not your wife.

JOHNS. But you are.

MISS HAYS. *(Crosses—*F. *of* P.B.*)* Oh, for such a short time, so very long ago.

JOHNS. So long ago that you've forgotten all about it?

MISS HAYS. Oh, no. I have an excellent memory—for trifles.

JOHNS. You're the most irritating woman I ever knew.

MISS HAYS. *(Goes to him)* Homer, will you stop thinking about yourself, and consider the terrible situation—— Listen, Homer.

JOHNS. Well?

MISS HAYS. Mr. Bevans found her and they left Bridgeport last night at nine o'clock in his motor.

JOHNS. *(*R. *of* P.B.*)* Last night? You're afraid there's been a motor accident?

MISS HAYS. I'm afraid of something much more serious than that.

JOHNS. Why, nonsense, Eleanor! You let your hatred of men run away with your judgment. Bevans is a dependable young chap.

MISS HAYS. *(F. of* P.B.*)* No man is dependable where a pretty girl is concerned.

JOHNS. Oh, you mustn't judge all men by me, Eleanor.

MISS HAYS. Elise has fallen terribly in love with him.

JOHNS. She has? Good! The school is mine then. But what do you know about love, Eleanor? You never felt it.

MISS HAYS. Homer, can't you ever stick for five minutes to what you are discussing? *(Starts toward door* U.L.C.*)*

JOHNS. Eleanor, you said that just as if you were married to me.

MISS HAYS. *(Turns to him)* Well, I'm very thankful I'm not.

JOHNS. You've got nothing on me.

MISS HAYS. *(Coming to* R. *of sofa* L.*)* Then if we're both absolutely agreed, I don't see why we can't be civil to each other hereafter.

JOHNS. We can. I don't believe you know how friendly I feel toward you. Why do you suppose I sent Elise here? Why do you suppose I went chasing after that fellow Bevans—except to be sure that the school would come to you in the end——

MISS HAYS. *(Goes to* L. *of* P.B.*)* To me?

JOHNS. Certainly. . . . That's what you want, isn't it?

MISS HAYS. More than anything else in the world. It's always been my dream——

JOHNS. Is that the best you can do in the way of a dream?

MISS HAYS. It's a wonderful dream, Homer, for a woman who has no children of her own, to take

half a hundred of other people's children and teach them and train them and love them, and have them love you—— *(Going to* F. *of desk* L.*)*

JOHNS. You'd like it, eh? Well, you certainly shall have it.

MISS HAYS. But how can you get rid of this boy? *(Turns to* JOHNS.*)* Why, you can't.

JOHNS. I can't? I can't get rid of a young fellow in order to give you something you want? Of course, I can.

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters* L.*)*

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor, they're here. They've just driven up in the funniest old buggy. Oh, I knew Mr. Bevans would bring her back. *(*X. *to* R.*)*

(Enter AUSTIN, ELISE *and* GEORGE.*)*

MISS HAYS. Elise—my child—where have you been? Mr. Bevans . . .

AUSTIN. I've been driving, Miss Hays, a—a slow horse thirty-five miles, and I can tell you it's no joke—— *(Ad lib. Together.)*

ELISE. Oh, Miss Hays, it was so wonderful driving all night through the storm. I never knew anything so wonderful. *(Ad lib.)*

GEORGE. Yes, you may as well ask where we've been. Austin wrecked his car with his reckless driving. I ask you, is that any way to drive a car? *(Ad lib.)*

JOHNS. Hold on, hold on. One at a time. Where have you been? *(They all start to speak together again.)* Wait, wait. Bevans, where have you been?

AUSTIN. My car broke down outside Bridgeport, Mr. Johns, and I've been driving a horse back.

ELISE. Yes, Mr. Bevans wouldn't stop anywhere though we passed some of the loveliest hotels. *(Sits bench* C.*)*

MISS HAYS. Elise! Were you with them in Bridgeport, Mr. Boyd?

GEORGE. Bridgeport—I never got to Bridgeport. They picked me up at the gate.

MISS HAYS. At the gate!

GEORGE. Yes, I was walking home.—I never got to Bridgeport.

MISS HAYS. I understood you were going to Bridgeport.

GEORGE. I was. When I left here I took a taxi, and finding I'd missed the train, I told the man to drive to Portchester, so that I could catch an express. It happened that I had only six dollars and eighty-four cents, and I sat there and watched that darned—I beg your pardon—that meter go up to five dollars and six dollars and when it got to six-fifty I was still a mile from Portchester. Well, I let him go on thinking I could make him accept what I had, but when I got out at Portchester and gave him all I had, he turned out to be one of these disagreeable people who won't listen to reason.

JOHNS. You mean he wanted you to pay what you owed.

GEORGE. Yes, he wouldn't compromise and when I said his meter was wrong—that was a mistake, he had me arrested.

JOHNS. Arrested!

GEORGE. Just as the train pulled into the station and I spent the whole night in jail.

JOHNS. How did you get out?

GEORGE. Oh, the judge dismissed the case at once—said the driver hadn't exercised ordinary precaution in picking up such a fare.

JOHNS. There, young lady—see all the trouble you made. Why did you want to go careering—*(*ELISE *and* MISS HAYS X. *to sofa* L.*)*—over the countryside, anyhow? *(*GEORGE *exits* L.*)*

AUSTIN. *(Crosses to* L. *of* JOHNS*)* Please don't shout at Elise, Mr. Johns.

JOHNS. *(*R.C.*)* What's that?

AUSTIN. Please don't shout.

JOHNS. What's that?

AUSTIN. Please don't shout.

JOHNS. Well, I will shout.

AUSTIN. Then shout, then. Elise has been under a great strain, and it's not good for her to be shouted at.

ELISE. No, uncle, he's perfectly right.

JOHNS. You think that because you've run a school for a few weeks you know more about girls than I do?

AUSTIN. I know I know more about girls than you do.

ELISE. Why, uncle, he certainly does.

JOHNS. Well, let me tell you, sir, that I'm in a position to make you or break you, and the first thing you know I'll break you. Is that clear?

AUSTIN. Perfectly clear, Mr. Johns. And if I could put my mind on it, I dare say I should be sorry, but as it is, it doesn't seem to matter because I have so many other things to think about.

JOHNS. I suppose you mean the fact that you've lost your school?

AUSTIN. Lost my school?

JOHNS. Certainly. Didn't I make the condition that none of your pupils should fall in—love with you?

AUSTIN. Yes, you did, but——

JOHNS. Well, one of your pupils has made a fool of herself over you, hasn't she?

AUSTIN. Yes, but——

ELISE. Oh, Mr. Bevans.

JOHNS. I've decided to foreclose—take over the school—put Miss Hays in charge. This is the future principal of the Fairview School.

AUSTIN. You have no right to do this.

JOHNS. No right?

AUSTIN. Oh, legally you may have the right and power, too, but morally, you haven't. This school came to me and I put everything I had into it—time, energy, thought, all my money——

JOHNS. Eh?

AUSTIN. Well, your money. And I've made it go, I've made it succeed, and it's mine. No one ought to have the right to take it from me.

JOHNS. Look here, young man. I want this school, but I'll make you a proposition! I'll give you ten thousand down for your interest. I'll acknowledge that your ideas have been a howling success. I'll guarantee to put them—most of them in effect, and I'll give you a new job.

AUSTIN. No, I don't want your job. I want to go on with my school.

JOHNS. Well, you can't do that.

AUSTIN. Then keep your old job, and I'll go back to selling automobiles. *(Exit.)*

*(*MISS CURTIS *enters* R.*)*

JOHNS. There's a very pigheaded young man.

*(*ELISE *starts to follow* AUSTIN—JOHNS *catches her hand. Circles around post, lands* R.C.*)*

ELISE. Uncle, dear, Mr. Bevans did not mean exactly to refuse that job.

JOHNS. He didn't, didn't he? Well, it sounded like it.

ELISE. I think you'll find he changes his mind.

JOHNS. What do you know about it?

ELISE. You'll keep it open for him a little while, won't you?

JOHNS. *(R.C.)* Well, I might a reasonable length of time.

*(*MISS CURTIS *goes down* R. *to* F. *of desk.)*

ELISE. *(*R. *of* JOHNS*)* Oh, uncle, you are a darling old lamb. *(Kisses him.)*

JOHNS. No one ever called me that before. *(*ELISE *goes to* E. *of* P.*)* Oh, Miss Hays, before I go may I have a word with you in private—about the general policy of the school?

MISS HAYS. *(Crossing—door* R.*)* Certainly, Mr. Johns. Will you come to my office? As my man of business I have the greatest admiration for your organizing powers——

JOHNS. Well, that's something! *(Exit* MISS HAYS R.*)*

MISS CURTIS. *(As* JOHNS *follows* MISS HAYS*)* One moment, Mr. Johns. *(Comes to* F. *of sofa* R. JOHNS *on her* L.*)* Please forgive me, but isn't Mr. Bevans the head of this school any more?

JOHNS. No, Miss Curtis, Miss Hays is in charge now.

MISS CURTIS. You mean, he won't be here any more?

JOHNS. Never should have been here at all. *(Exit* JOHNS R.*)*

(Enter AUSTIN L.*)*

AUSTIN. *(*L. *of* U. *end of* P.B.*)* Miss Curtis, if

I may trouble you for the last time, will you tell Mr. MacKenzie.

MISS CURTIS. Oh, Mr. Bevans, I'm so sorry to hear that we are to lose you.

AUSTIN. Thank you, Miss Curtis. I'm glad some one is sorry.

MISS CURTIS. I—we shall miss you.

AUSTIN. And I shall miss you. I shall never forget your loyalty and devotion.

MISS CURTIS. And I shall never forget you, Mr. Bevans. *(Starts toward door.)*

ELISE. *(On the first step of the stairs)* Don't worry, Miss Curtis, I know just how you feel.

MISS CURTIS. *(At door* R.*)* No, you don't, my dear, nobody could. Good-bye, Mr. Bevans. *(Exits door* R., *hardly able to keep back the tears.* AUSTIN *turns to go* L.*)*

*(*GEORGE *enters door* L.—X. *to* ELISE R.C.—AUSTIN *goes up* L.C., *gets coat.)*

GEORGE. Elise, I don't exactly understand what they meant about one of the pupils having fallen in love with him—they didn't mean you, did they?

ELISE. Dear George.

GEORGE. You ran away to avoid his attentions, didn't you?

ELISE. Just the other way, George.

GEORGE. But Elise, I loved you first.

ELISE. It wouldn't have mattered if you had loved me a thousand years.

GEORGE. Oh,—— It's all right, Elise; it isn't your fault—I know now why Austin wanted to teach girls charm—it's the greatest thing in the world—you can do anything, if you have it—and I didn't have it—and I guess I never will. Good-bye, Elise.

ELISE. Good-bye, George dear. *(She shows a strong inclination to kiss him good-bye, but he realizes and goes to above sofa* L. ELISE *goes to piano.)*

GEORGE. *(*F. *of post* L.C.*)* Oh, Austin, have you got any money?

AUSTIN. *(Above desk* L.*)* Ten be enough?

GEORGE. Plenty. The rent's paid till the autumn.

AUSTIN. Get things started, George, I'll be back in a few days myself.

*(*GEORGE *exits door* U.L.C. AUSTIN *crossing toward door* R.*)*

ELISE. May I speak to you, Mr. Bevans?

AUSTIN. No—no—— You may never speak to me.

ELISE. Oh, Mr. Bevans, you weren't so cross to me when we stopped for breakfast this morning, and you said that wonderful thing——

AUSTIN. I don't remember the incident.

ELISE. You said, "Aren't you hungry, dear?"

AUSTIN. It was a slip of the tongue.

ELISE. But you said it as if you meant it.

AUSTIN. I did mean part of it. I was hungry myself.

ELISE. And didn't you rather like it when I poured out your coffee for you?

AUSTIN. I was glad to get the coffee. *(He starts to go.)*

ELISE. Oh, where are you going?

AUSTIN. Having lost this school, thanks to you, I'm going to New York to get back my old job.

ELISE. Oh, you needn't bother about that.

AUSTIN. I needn't bother about that?

ELISE. No, uncle is keeping that job for you.

AUSTIN. I told him I didn't want it.

ELISE. Yes, but I fixed it.

AUSTIN. You fixed it?

ELISE. Yes, I told him you'd change your mind.

AUSTIN. *(Loudly, throws hat on sofa* L. *with coat)* How did you know I'd change my mind?

ELISE. Oh, you just told my uncle I wasn't to be shouted at——

AUSTIN. You're the sort of girl ought to be shouted at! You're the sort of girl ought to be sent to a nunnery, not a boarding-school. Look what you've done in the last twenty-four hours. You've made me quarrel with one of my oldest friends. You've taken me away from my work, and you've ruined my school. You're the most silly, reckless, obstinate girl I ever knew—but you have got charm. *(He catches her in his arms and kisses her.)*

CURTAIN

1st Picture: They are still in each other's arms.

2nd Picture: They come down the stairs one on each step; they lean far over the bannister to see.

CURTAIN

This play can be played in its present form with one less male character and two or more less female characters: i.e.

NOTE: Jim and Tim speak most of their lines in unison, the few separate lines which each has, have been combined in another part so that they can be played as one part.

The school girls are there largely for local color. If it is desired to cut the number down, Dotsy and Madge can be eliminated entirely by the Madge lines given to one of the other girls.

The buggy scene was inserted after the piece had been played several weeks, and the entire scene, if advisable, can be cut out without any change in the dialogue of the succeeding scene. The only difficulty with the buggy scene would be the arrangement of the lights; but, if that could be overcome, it would be advisable to keep this scene in, because of its unusual quality and the charm of the dialogue, which constitutes a very good love scene.

Changes in lines and cues when the parts of Jim and Tim are played as one.

ACT I

All characters use "Jim" in place of "Tim."
All characters use "Jim" in place of "Twins."
David—Page 3—Cut—and Tim.
Austin—Page 11—Cut—I guess it would take two of you to do it. Use—Well, I guess you'll have to keep on wanting. *(Go into speech.)*
Johns—Page 27—Cut—Poughkeepsie—The Smith Brothers without the beards.

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the advetures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.
Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.
Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

RBJL'22

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours. This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph. There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriprive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

FRENCH'S
Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

Clyde Fitch
William Gillette
Augustus Thomas
George Broadhurst
Edward E. Kidder
Percy MacKaye
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Louis N. Parker
R. C. Carton
Alfred Sutro
Richard Harding Davis
Sir Arthur W. Pinero
Anthony Hope
Oscar Wilde
Haddon Chambers
Jerome K. Jerome
Cosmo Gordon Lennox
H. V. Esmond
Mark Swan
Grace L. Furniss
Marguerite Merrington
Hermann Sudermann
Rida Johnson Young
Arthur Law
Rachel Crothers
Martha Morton
H. A. Du Souchet
W. W. Jacobs
Madeleine Lucette Ryley
Booth Tarkington
J. Hartley Manners
James Forbes
James Montgomery
Wm. C. de Mille
Roi Cooper Megrue
Edward E. Rose
Israel Zangwill
Henry Bernstein
Harold Brighouse
Channing Pollock
Harry Durant
Winchell Smith
Margaret Mayo
Edward Peple
A. E. W. Mason
Charles Klein
Henry Arthur Jones
A. E. Thomas
Fred. Ballard
Cyril Harcourt
Carlisle Moore
Ernest Denny
Laurence Housman
Harry James Smith
Edgar Selwyn
Augustin McHugh
Robert Housum
Charles Kenyon
C. M. S. McLellan

French's International Copyrighted Edition contains plays, comedies and farces of international reputation; also recent professional successes by famous American and English Authors.

Send a four-cent stamp for our new catalogue describing thousands of plays.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

28-30 West 38th Street, NEW YORK CITY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 180 169 1